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The Normal Dialogue Book

— A COLLECTION OF —

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, CHAR-
ADES, SHADOW SCENES, AND
PANTOMIMES. ADAPTED TO
SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS, AND
THE SOCIAL EVENING PARTY



1926

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

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ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT.

CHARACTERS.

JOBAB FLUKINS.

DANIEL SPAULDING.

JOSEPHINE CUMMINS.

HANNAH RAINBOW.

COSTUMES—MODERN.

PROPERTIES.

Board fence, or stump. Pail for HANNAH. Two chairs.

SCENE I.—*Landscape.*

JOBAB FLUKINS *discovered seated on a board fence or stump.*

Jobab. (Speaking to HANNAH outside.) I reckon yeou'll be done milkin' purty soon, won't yeou?

Hannah. (Outside.) Yes, I'm jest abeout done neow.

Jobab. Waal, I want tew talk tew yeou a short spell arter yeou git through. I thought I'd come over neow and not wait till arter night.

Enter HANNAH, R., with milk pail.

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(5)

CO. SCHOOLS

Hannah. Can't yeou come into the house, Jobab?

Jobab. No, I guess not this evenin'. Yeou see I wanted tew tell yeou sumethin' and I thought I'd hev tew run over.

Hannah. What is it yeou hev to tell me, Jobab?

Jobab. I s'pect it'll startle yeou and mebbe it'll make yeou feel kind of tickled too. Mebbe yeou could guess.

Hannah. (*Setting down her pail.*) No, I don't think I could guess?

Jobab. S'posin' yeou try.

Hannah. Waal, then, I guess there's going tew be a party.

Jobab. No.

Hannah. A picnic?

Jobab. No.

Hannah. Waal, then, hev yeou been buyin' a new yoke of oxen?

Jobab. No.

Hannah. Nor a horse?

Jobab. No; guess ag'in.

Hannah. Waal, then, hev yeou got a present, fur me?

Jobab. No, it isn't that but I swow, I ought tew be givin' yeou somethin'. I thought I would hev give yeou somethin' afore this time, but the price of butter has come deown awfully and the hens hev e'en a'most quit layin'. I reckon when a feller's ingaged he gives his gal a good many things?

Hannah. Yes.

Jobab. And we hev been ingaged fur three weeks and I hevn't give yeou anything yet. I declare I feel

purty bad abeout it. But I'll ketch up; I'll give yeou lots of things—see if I don't. What would yeou like tew hev fer abeout the fust thing?

Hannah. Oh, Jobab, I don't know. I would be tickled to git anything from yeou.

Jobab. Hokey! dew yeou railly say so? I swow, Hannah, I hev a notion to give yeou a buss right here in the paster.

Hannah. Oh, no, Jobab, that would never do; somebody might see yeou. Them Joneses over there is allers a watchin' what's goin' on areound here. But come intew the house.

Jobab. No, I can't go in this evenin'. I'll hev tew be at hum. But I'll come over to-morrow evenin', and we'll hev a long talk. Hev yeou got purty good health?

Hannah. Oh, yes; tip-top.

Jobab. Waal, take good care of yourself, and we'll git married next fall. Won't it be awful nice tew hev you jest beside me all the time and livin' in the same house?

Hannah. I will think it is awful nice tew hev yeou all tew myself, Jobab.

Jobab. (*Coming near to her.*) I avow, Hannah, I believe I'll give you a buss.

Hannah. Oh, no, Jobab; it wouldn't dew right eout here in the paster. Them Joneses is allers a-lookin' over this way.

Jobab. Hang them Joneses! They're allers lookin' round and mindin' other people's business. Waal I must be a goin' fur I s'pose yeou want tew put the milk away.

Hannah. But yeou'll come over to-morrow night?

Jobab. Yes, I'll come to-morrow night. And I'll git the buss then, see if I don't.

Hannah. Oh, Jobab, yeou are sich a nice feller.

(*Takinug up the pail.*)

Jobab. And yeou're a nice gal too.

Hannah. (*Setting down the milk pail.*) Oh, Jobab, yeou hev forgot; yeou know yeou had somethin' to tell me.

Jobab. Oh, yes, I did come purty nigh forgettin'. Waal, yeou can't guess, can't yeou?

Hannah. No, I can't guess. Yeou know I tried several times. What is it, Jobab?

Jobab. Waal, I'll tell yeou. I kin write po'try.

Hannah. Yeou don't say so! •Oh!, heow glad I am When did yeou git commenced?

Jobab. I jest got commenced to-day. Yeou see I was sittin' thinkin' abeout yeou when all to onct I got to makin' rhymes, kinder in my head, yeou know. Then I went and got some paper and a pen and I writ some of 'em deown.

Hannah. Oh, I'm so glad. Neow yeou kin write some po'try to me and put at the top "To Hannah."

Jobab. Yes, I'm goin' tew dew that the fust thing. I'll put in my best licks and make it purty good.

Hannah. I reckon yeou kin write po'try fur the papers neow too.

Jobab. Yes, I'm kalkilatin' tew dew that. I kin write a heap better po'try than some I see in the papers. Some of the po'try we read in the papers now-a-days ain't of much acceount.

Hannah. Could yeou say some of yeour po'try neow, so I kin hear what yeou hev been doin'?

Jobab. Yes, s'pose I might. Here's some which I hev been thinkin' up.

I love to sit upon a chair
And think and think while sittin' there;
I love my Hannah purty strong,
And wish to her I did belong.

I sometimes sit upon a stump,
And sometimes off I fall kerflump.
Sich was the case the other day
When I was out a makin' hay.

While livin' here we never know
About our lives and how they'll go;
We never know two day ahead
How soon we'll be laid sick in bed.

We never know how soon we'll die,
And go away and try to fly;
We travel on jest like a toad,
Or like a horse goes down a road.

This is some which I hev thought up, but I kin do better'n that when I sit deown and lay myself right eout tew the business.

Hannah. Oh, that is splendid! Yeou kin be a great man, neow, Jobab, and I shill be so tickled abeout it.

Jobab. I must go neow. I'll write a piece of po'try teou yeou purty soon. I awow I wish I could give yeou a buss afore I go.

Hannah. Yeou might give me one, Jobab, if it was'nt fur them Joneses, but they're a watchin' every-thing. But yeou're comin' over to-morrow night?

Jobab. Yes, I'll come to-morrow night. Good evenin'. (*Walking away.*)

And while we live we jump and sing,
And go along like everything.
We feel so good we hardly know
Jest how we sing or how we go.

(*Exit L.*)

Hannah. Jobab's a purty nice feller, but I think he ought to hev give me somethin' afore this time. I'm tickled abeout his writin' po'try. That's a purty big thing these days. Waal, Jobab and me will git married next fall and he'll keep on writin' po'try and gittin' his name intew the papers, and mebbe he'll go tew Congress some day. Yes, things might keep goin' on till Jobab might git tew be President of these United States some day. Then if I am Jobab's wife, of course I'll be the President's wife. Oh! wouldn't that be grand and astonishin'? And wouldn't Josephine Cummins and Lucy Hopkins and the rest of the gals wish they was in my place? I don't jest altogether like Jobab in every partic'lar. I think I'd like him better if he'd quit farmin' and plowin' and diggin' areound and go and live in some town or some place and keep a store. I believe I'm too smart a gal tew live here all my life and dew nothin' but cook and milk cows and churn and dew sich things. But I hev told Jobab that I would marry him and s'pose I'll hev tew stick tew my word if nobody else comes along and axes me. I reckon it wouldn't be any harm tew break the ingagement if I found eout that I could dew better. But I might dew wuss inste'd of better, fur Jobab has got so he kin write po'try. (*Takes up milk pail.*) Waal, I

spose I'd better put the milk away. (*Looks off R.*) I declare there's Dan Spaulding a comin'. I wonder what he's comin' here fur neow. But I s'pose he don't know I'm ingaged tew Jobab. He's a purty good lookin' feller. (*Sets down milk pail.*)

Enters DANIEL SPAULDING, R.

Daniel. Good evenin', Hannah.

Hannah. Good evenin' to yeou.

Daniel. This is a purty evenin'.

Hannah. Yes it is so.

Daniel. I hevn't seen yeou fur a good spell.

Hannah. No, I guess not.

Daniel. You wasn't out at meetin' last Sunday.

Hannah. No, I couldn't go, fur I had an awful bad toothache.

Daniel. Had the toothache, had yeou? Oh, it's terrible to hev the toothache.

Hannah. Yes, I think it is. Won't yeou come in-tew the house?

Daniel. Oh, no, I hain't got time. I want tew talk tew yeou abeout some things.

Hannah. Waal, I'm ready tew listen.

Daniel. I s'pose—I s'pose yeou know—that is, I s'pose yeou know that I think a heap of yeou?

Hannah. No, I didn't know. I s'posed yeou liked me a little, but I reckoned that was all.

Daniel. Oh, I like yeou awful hard.

Hannah. Why I heard yeou was ingaged tew Josephine Cummins.

Daniel. I am too. I'll jest tell yeou all abeout it. I axed her to marry, and she said she would, but I hev begun tew think that I don't like her near well enough

to marry her. I'd a heap rather hev yeou.

Hannah. Oh, Daniel, yeou don't say so! But I'm ingaged too. I'm ingaged tew Jobab Flukins.

Daniel. Oh, what a sad affair! I believe we was cut out fur each other. But if yeou're agreed we kin break the engagements.

Hannah. Wouldn't that be doin' wrong?

Daniel. Oh, not at all—not a bit of it. It is a great deal better fur us to back out now than to back out after we hev got married.

Hannah. I like yeou purty well, Daniel, but I don't think I kin give up Jobab neow, fur he has tuck to writin' po'try.

Daniel. Oh, that's nothin'; anybody kin write po'try.

Hannah. Kin yeou?

Daniel. Yes; I've been writin' po'try fur several years.

Hannah. Let me hear yeou say some of yeour po'try.

Daniel. Here goes:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

Hannah. Oh, that's tip-top po'try; I believe it's bet-
ter'n Jobab's.

Daniel. Jobab can't write po'try. He haint got no talent that way, at all. Don't yeou want tew hear somethin' more from me?

Hannah. Yes, I could listen all day tew sich po'try.

Daniel

"When the blazing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

Now I'll say some other po'try of a different kind.

"There was a man in our town,
He wasn't very wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again."

Hannah. Oh, that is so good and enlivenin'. If yeou would keep on writin' po'try don't yeou think yeou could git tew be a great man?

Daniel. Certainly I could. I guess I could git tew be a great man if I would just say the word. I hev been axed to run fur the Legislature.

Hannah. Oh, hev yeou? When a man goes to the Legislature he is likely tew keep goin' till he gits tew be President, isn't he?

Daniel. Of course. I think I could be a great man if I'd try a little.

Hannah. Oh, yes, yeou could when yeou kin write sich po'try.

Daniel. Well, Hannah, I can't stay very long. What do you say about marryin' me?

Hannah. I guess I'll hev yeou, Daniel. Yeou kin write better po'try than Jobab, and I think yeou'll be a

great man. I reckon it won't be no sin tew break the engagement.

Daniel. No, of course not.

Hannah. Waal, I'll tell Jobab abeout it to-morrow evenin' when he comes over.

Daniel. And I'll go and tell Josephine.

Hannah. I reckon she'll take on a good deal abeout it.

Daniel. No, I guess not, and anyhow I don't care much. If we like each other purty well we needn't care fur Josephine. Hannah, I'd like to hev a buss afore I go.

Hannah. I'd be willin', but it would never dew eout here in the paster, fur them Joneses would be sure tew see us. They're allers lookin' over this way.

Daniel. Well, I'll come to see yeou to-morrow night.

Hannah. No, not to-morrow night, fur yeou know Jobab's comin'.

Daniel. Then I'll come the next night.

Hannah. Yes, that'll dew. I'll give Jobab his walk-in' papers to-morrow night.

Daniel. Good evenin', Hannah.

Hannah. Good evenin' tew yeou. (*Exit DANIEL SPAULDIG, R.*)

Waal, I guess I'd better pick up my milk and go on or I'll not git it strained to-night. (*Exit HANNAH RAINBOW, with milk pail, L.*)

SCENE II.—*A Room.*

JOBAB FLUKINS and JOSEPHINE CUMMINS discovered seated.

Job. Yeou don't keer nothin' abeout me, dew yeou,

Josephine?

Jos. No.

Job. And I don't keer nothin' abeout yeou.

Jos. No, I s'pose not.

Job. But I've been thinkin' that we ought tew act
as if we was likin' each other awful strong.

Jos. What would we do that fur?

Job. 'Cause, yeou see, yeour feller has kinder left
yeou and my gal has kinder left me.

Jos. I don't care fur Daniel; he kin go. I aint
agoin' to try to git him back, fur I don't run after no
man.

Job. But couldn't yeou help me rekiver the love of
Hannah?

Jos. Yes, I kin do that. But if I was in your place
I wouldn't run after her; I'd let her go.

Job. But I've got the likin's fur her awful strong.
I can't give her up.

Jos. Well, how can I assist you?

Job. We'll purtend to like each other an awful heap
the next time we air in their presence. Yeou kin make
a big fuss over me and I kin make a big fuss over yeou,
and mebbe Hannah will think I'm a purty slick feller
when yeou air shinin' up tew me.

Jos. Well, I'll do as you wish fur the sake of bring-
in' Hannah back to you, but I'm sure I kon't care noth-
in' fur Daniel.

Job. We might sorter hitch up our chairs and pur-
tend tew court a little jest tew kinder git intew the way
of it.

Jos. I hev no objections.

They place their chairs near each other, and JOBAB puts

his arm around JOSEPHINE.

Job. We hev been livin' purty nigh tew each other all our lives, but I guess we never courted any afore this time, did we?

Jos. No, I believe not.

Job. Waal, you're a purty nice gal, and its sorter strange that I never diskivered it.

Jos. And I think you are a purty nice man, Jobab.

Job. Neow, railly, dew yeou?

Jos. Indeed I do and I think Hannah Rainbow was a purty big fool to turn away from you and take up with Dan Spaulding.

Job. Oh, well, I guess she kin hev Dan Spauldin'; I don't know as I keer anythin' abeout her neow.

Jos. That's the way I would feel if I was in your place. I would let her go. Sich people as Dan Spaulding and Hannah Rainbow hevn't any honor.

Job. That's jest the way I think. Neow, Josephine s'posin' we git married.

Jos. Oh, Jobab, are you in earnest?

Job. Yes, in rail deown earnest.

Jos. [Leaning against JOBAB.] Oh, let me think a moment.

Job. No, don't take time tew think, but say it right eout suddenly. Yeou're a heap nicer gal than Hannah and I like you a heap better. What dew yeou say? Will yeou hev me?

Jos. Yes, Jobab, I will; I am yours.

Job. Hurrah fur Jerusalem and the North Pole! Neow we'll hev a buss. [He kisses her.]

Enter HANNAH RAINBOW and DANIEL SPAULDING at back.

Dan. Hold!

Han. Stop!

(*JOSEPHINE and JOBAB spring up.*

Dan. Josephine, how dare yeou kiss that man?

Han. Jobab, how dare yeou kiss that woman?

Jos. Dan Spaulding, I guess I kin kiss anybody I please now, so you'd better shut your head. We've made "Another Arrangement."

Job. And I kin say the same tew yeou, Hannah Rainbow. Yeou haint got nothin' to do with me. We've made "Another Arrangement."

Han. Oh, Jobab, forgive me. [*Commences to cry.* Boo hoo! boo hoo!

Job. I don't want to hev nothin' tew dew with yeou.

Han. It was all a mistake. Boo hoo! I don't want Daniel, and he cant write po'try. Boo hoo!

Jos. Waal, yeou give me my walkin' ticket, and if I was yeou, I'd be a man and not come boo hooin' areound here.

Dan. Josephine, it was all a mistake. Won't yeou take me back?

Jos. No, sir. You hev no honor, and I don't want to hev anything to say to you.

Dan. Well, I s'pose I kin git somebody else.

Jos. When you go to hunt up another gal tell everybody what a gentleman you are and how honorably you hev acted with me. [*Exit DANIEL, R.*

Han. Oh, boo hoo! I s'pose I'll hev to go, and I s'pose I'll go mournin' all the days of my life. Oh, I wish I hadn't acted so bad with Jobab, fur he kin write sich good po'try. Boo hoo! b-o-o h-o-o! [*Exit R.*

Jos. We kin be happy now, can't we, Jobab?

Job. Yes, as happy as the day's long. Hannah

thought she'd kerflop me, but I kalkilate she's got ker-flopped herself. Dan thought he'd hurt your feelin's, but I hev an idee he feels purty bad squashed himself abeout his time. I declare I feel so good I think I could make a verse of po'try right on the spot.

[To audience.

Thus in life we chase a thing,
And go along and jump and sing;
But oft, alas! we stub our toe,
We git kerflopped and down we go.

—*From McBride's Humorous Dialogues.*

AUNT BETSY'S BEAUX.

CHARACTERS:

AUNT BETSY TURNER,
ANNIE and ELLEN GLENN,
MAGGIE HAINES,
SQUIRE HOOPER,
MR. DUNTLY.

SCENE I.—*A family sitting-room. MAGGIE combing her hair at a glass. The other girls standing around. AUNT BETSY embroidering a slipper,*
Annie. Don't comb your hair down so straight, Maggie. It looks real old-maidish!

Maggie. Oh, well, I mean to be an old maid.

(Sings.) "No husband's frowns, no baby's gowns,
 My heart is fancy free—
 I'll sing my song my whole life long,
 An old maid's life for me.
 Tra la, la la!"

Annie. Then you'll pet cats, and carry about tracts and subscription papers, and your nose will be sharp, and you'll have corkscrew ringlets. All old maids do if one can believe the story-books.

Ellen. And you'll be setting your cap for all the old bachelors and widowers in the neighborhood; and you'll embroider slippers for the minister, if he don't happen to be a married man.

Aunt B. Who said I was embroidering slippers for

the minister?

Ellen. Nobody.

Annie. And look here, Maggie, there's another thing you'll be sure to do, and that is, talk about the wonderful chances you've had to get married. I don't know of an old maid anywhere, who couldn't have had a President and all his cabinet if she had wanted them.

Aunt B. (Tartly.) Wal, thank fortune! I don't want 'em, nor none of the male sect! I don't think much of 'em, anyway! Now, I s'pose, gals, you think I never had any offers! Why, I could tell you things that would make you open your eyes! There was Elder Webster; he couldn't keep his place in the Bible for looking at me, and Jo Gibson would have give his eyes for me, any time! But I wouldn't have had him if he'd been one solid diamont from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot!

Ellen. Cruel Aunt Bess.

Aunt B. (Turning her head, and casting a look at herself in the glass). I guess if some folks was a mind to tell all they know about matters and things, some other folks in the world would be a little surprised! That's what I guess!

Annie. Now do tell us about it Auntie! Who's sweet on you now? Squire Hooper?

Maggie. Why, I thought he had fallen in love with Ellen. You know he—

Aunt B. With that child! Why, Maggie Haines, Ellen is nothing but a little girl, and Squire Hooper is a middle-aged widower, with three children! I guess he'd want somebody that could train the immortal minds of them children better than that little girl! Squire

Hooper's a sensible man, and it's my opinion he's made his choice, though of course I don't pertend to say who it is.

Annie. Do tell us what you think.

Aunt B. (*Simpering and pulling her curls*). La me, Annie, you're dreadful inquisitive! And Squire Hooper hain't the only man there is around that's wanting to change his condition. There's Capen Duntly; he's been over here every Saturday night for more'n four weeks, and Capen Duntly haint the man to waste his shoe-leather for nothing.

Ellen. Aunt Bess, did you ever have a real offer in your life?

Aunt B. Bless my heart! what a question! Why, Ellen, if I do say it, I was one of the—the—most—that is to say—one of the smartest—which means good-looking sometimes, you know—gals in the town. And I reckon I haint changed much! One don't look very different at thirty-two from what they do at twenty-five you know.

Ellen. Of course not.

Maggie. I've heard mama say that you never had a chance to marry.

Aunt B. (*Indignantly*). Why, Maggie Haines! Your mother ought to be ashamed of herself! Why, your father never would have looked at *her* if he'd only seen me first! I wasn't to home when he got himself ingaged to her. He felt dreadful when he come to find out that she had a sister younger and prettier than she was.

Maggie. Why, I've always heard mama say that you were the oldest.

Aunt B. Your mother has got so old she's forgetful. Wai, she never would have got Charles Haines if she hadn't a fastened him afore he seed me; and then, if she hadn't, where would you have been, I wonder? Yes, Maggie Haines, where would you have been?

Annie. Congratulate yourself, Maggie. It seems you just escaped a terrible fate.

Aunt B. I'm a-going to have company to-night. I got a note from him this morning. And I should like it if the free-room could be kept clear for us. Squire Hooper is coming on important business—that is what the note said—and we won't want to be disturbed.

Annie. And you shall not be. I'll see to that, Aunt Bess.

Aunt B. You're a good girl, Annie. I calculate to give my red crape shawl to you. And likely enough my gold necklace, too. I guess I'll go up stairs, now, and take a little nap. I feel sleepy, and it won't do to be sleepy when the Squire comes. He might think I didn't want to see him. Don't look so envious, girls, your time will come, by-and-by. (Exit)

Annie. She's gone up-stairs to curl her false front and put a little more red on her cheeks. Poor Aunt Bess! It's rather hard she can't get married, when she's tried so long.

Ellen. Girls, let's get where we can hear what Squire Hooper says! It will be such fun!

Maggie But wouldn't it be eavesdropping?

Ellen. I suppose so. But I can't help that. If he should propose to her, it would be as good as going to a theater.

Annie. It would be too good to be lost. But then,

he won't propose to *her*.

Maggie. Let's hide in the front-room closet. It is big enough for us all, and some room to spare. Wouldn't mamma scold, though, if she knew it? But then, as long as I am going to be an old maid, it is necessary that I should learn how to behave when I have a proposal. Old maids are constantly liable to them you know.

Annie. I suppose it isn't quite right; but then' it's so silly in Aunt Bess to think Squire Hooper wants her! Why, he isn't more than thirty-five, and she is fifty-seven!

SCENE II.—*The parlor at MRS. GLENN'S. The heads of the three girls peeping from the closet. A step is heard outside and the heads are hurriedly drawn back and the door is pulled nearly together.*

AUNT BETSY enters the parlor. She is very gaudily dressed and carries a fan and smelling-bottle. Advances to the glass, and takes a look at herself.)

Aunt B. (*To herself.*) Wal, it's now or never with me! I'm tired and sick of being an old maid! It would be bad enough if there wasn't somebody to be all the time flinging it into your teeth! I do hope that in the next world there'll be a place where all the folks that taunts folks of being old maids will be turned into old maids themselves! It will be a little singular if Squire Hooper has fell in love with me! Wal, he might do worse. I shall accept him, of course. He's a little cross-eyed, and they say he's a dreadful sot man; but then a cross-eyed, sot man is a great deal better than no man at all! Dear me! there's a gray hair

sticking through my false front (*pulls it out spitefully*), and my left cheek is a little redder than my right. I do hope, if he kisses me, he won't kiss me on the cheek it might take off the color, and it's natural for girls to blush when they're kissed, instid of turning paler. Oh, dear, dear! I wish folks could allers be young. It would be an awful saving of time and trouble! Or else, I wish that there was a law that compelled every man to marry every woman—I mean a law that got a husband for every woman! Hark! he's coming! I'll incline myself on the sofy.

(Enter SQUIRE HOOPER.)

SQUIRE H. Ah, good-evening, good-evening, Miss Turner (*Wipes his forehead with a huge, red bandana*.) A very warm evening.

AUNT B. Good-evening, Squire. Wal, I'm sure I thought it was rather cool, but you've just come in and of course you know. Yes, I think it is warmer than it was.

SQUIRE H. Ahem—hem-m-m. But not quite so warm as it was last night. (*Wipes his forehead vigorously*.)

AUNT B. Wal, no, not quite.

SQUIRE H. A little cooler than it was night before last, though. (*Applies his handkerchief to his face more vigorously than ever*.)

AUNT B. (*Puts her smelling-bottle to her nose*. Yes, so it is.)

SQUIRE H. (*Animatedly*.) That's a pretty goown of yours, Miss Betsy!

AUNT B. I'm very glad you like it. Do you think it is becoming to my style?

Squire H. Well, yes, I should say it was. Is—ahem—hem! Is Miss Ellen at home?

Aunt B. Yes, I suppose the child is about the house somewhere. Playing with the rest of the children, I dare say. She's very fond of play.

Squire H. Yes, I suppose so. (*Rubbing his face vigorously.*) I—I—that is, I sent a note this morning—

Aunt B. (*Fanning herself violently.*) Yes, it was received and perused with feelings of—with feelings of—that is, I may say, with feeling.

Squire H. It makes me very happy to hear you say so. Dare I—oh, Miss Betsy, do you think I may dare to hope—

Aunt B. Yes, you may dare, Benjamin! (*Lays her head on his shoulder, and holds the smelling bottle to her nose.*)

Squire H. (*Fidgeting uneasily.*) I—I thank you for giving me the hope, but excuse me, my dear Miss Betsy, I am not used to having female heads so near me—that is—no offense meant, not the least—but I am not used to it, and—and it makes me kinder feel like a fish out of water. But (*bravely*) if I am to hope, I shall try to get used to it!

Aunt B. Oh, Squire Hooper!

Squire H. And now, if you could call Ellen, I should be greatly obliged.

Aunt B. Why, what in the world do you want of Ellen?

Squire H. Want of Ellen? Why, I want to hear her tell me that she will be mine! I sent her a note, asking an interview.

Aunt B. (*Angrily.*) Ellen, indeed. Squire Hooper!

I received that note. It was directed to Miss Turner—

Squire H. No, it warn't not by a long chalk!

Aunt B. Well, then that dreadful Annie changed the envelopers! She brought it to me, and I thought then it looked jest like her handwriting. And I told her so, and she giggled, and said it couldn't possibly be, for it came from Squire Hooper!

Squire H. Oh, dear, dear! what a dreadful misunderstanding!

Aunt B. Dreadful! It's atrocious! and Iv'e been a leaning my head onto your shoulder! Oh, gracious hevings! Squire Hooper, if you don't marry me, my reputation will be ruined for ever!

Squire H. (*Rising in great haste.*) I must be a going. I've got to see a man on business at the post office, this very hour! I'd forgot it! I must go. Good-evening, Miss Betsy, good-evening. (*Goes out hurriedly, leaving his hat behind him.* Aunt Betsy picks it up and throws it after him.)

Aunt B. Take yer old skull-cap along with ye! You mean, desateful, cross-eyed old hunks! Hark! there's somebody else a-coming! I'll set down and spread my gound graceful. Mebby it's Mr. Duntly. (*Enter Mr. Duntly.*) La me! Mr. Duntly, how glad I am to see you! Take a seat—do!

Mr. D. Thank ye. Fine evening.

Aunt B. Very. Remarkable.

Mr. D. Miss Betsy, I come over on a little matter of bizness. Glad to find you alone. Can talk of it better.

Aunt B. Oh, Mr. Duntly! What a man! (*Pats him with her fan.*)

Mr. D. I want to see if you and I can't make a bargain. Iv'e been over four or five times before, but couldn't seem to git at it.

Aunt B. Oh, Mr. Duntly, you needn't have been a bit afraid.

Mr. D. Thank ye. Iv'e been thinking about it a long spell.

Aunt B. (*Smiling sweetly, and drawing nearer to him.*) Why, Mr. Duntly!

Mr. D. Yes, I have, that's a fact. You know my paster jines your'n?

Aunt B. Yes.

Mr. D. And it would be a saving of fence to have 'em both together.

Aunt B. So it would! and fencing is dreadful expensive. (*Picking a bit of lint from his coat.*)

Mr. D. Dreadful! and Iv'e been thinking that if you and I could make a bargain, it would save a powerful sight of fencing, and I need the land for my cattle. I don't have half pasturing enough.

Aunt B. I'm sure I'll do all I can—to bring it about!

Mr. D. Well, hem, set yer price, and we'll have the deeds made right out!

Aunt B. What! the deeds! Set the price! I—I don't understand!

Mr. D. Why, I want to by your paster! I thought you knowed what I meant. I'll gin' you a fair price for it—and pay you half down, and—

Aunt B. (*Wrathfully.*) I don't want to sell it! I won't sell it! You hain't got money enough to buy it!

Mr. D. Why, I thought you wanted to sell it! You said you'd do all you could to bring it about!

Aunt B. Wal, I *Won't!* And if that's what you've been coming over here for, you might have saved your trouble!

Mr. D. Wal, I guess I'll be a going. But I don't see any need of your being so mad, any way! (*Exit.*)

Aunt B. (*To herself.*) There! I might as well give up! I shall be an old maid to the end of creation! I won't cut my hair ag'in, nor I won't put no flour on to my face, and won't do nothing—so there! (*Tears off her false front and flings it on the floor.*) I'm mad as I can be! and them gals is giggling somewhere! I hear 'em! (*Pulls open the closet door.*) You consarned little wretches! You've been listening; but, if I can git hold of you, you won't want to listen ag'in very soon! (*The girls scamper from the room, and the curtain falls.*) —[From Beadle's *Dime Dialogues*, No. 6.]

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

FOR TWO BOYS.

Herbert. Every one is ambitious now-a-days. Instead of the world's being like a level prairie, with the grass all of one height, waved by one common impulse of the wind, with only here and there a chance tree to overtop the multitude, each particular spear of grass endeavors to lift itself above its fellows. Of course, Clarence, like everybody else, you would like to force yourself above the crowd. Supposing you were to have your wish for the asking, what would you choose in the way of fame? say, old boy!

Clarence. A Poet.

Her. There, that's just like you You say "a poet," as quietly as if you were falling asleep; and stand and stare at the air as if you saw something in it. It would be fine business now for a man of energy and talent, wouldn't it? passing his life making "air" rhyme to "fair," and "light" rhyme to "bright"

Clar. Oh, that's not being a poet. But what would you be?

Her. Why a great general, *of course!* THINK OF NAPOLEON!

Clar. To break the hearts of wives; to learn children to mourn in their infancy; to blot out the sweet

hopes of young maidens, and write over the word *Love* the superscription—Blood!

Her. You had better take up the trade of a poet, if you have already learned to speak of love in that tone. Love is fit for girls and poets. Yes! I would be a warrior—a great general. What is there nobler? what is more to be coveted than the fame of a hero? I would teach men that to the brave there is no such word as fear. I would stand in the midst of the fierce array of battle, and every soldier, as he gazed at me, should draw his breath hard and erect his head, stimulated by my presence to unparallelled deeds. I would speed with the rush and whirlwind of the battle, my banners flouting the flying foe; I would teach my men not to blink at the flash of the cannon, but with firm step and set features to march on to death or victory. And when the victory was obtained, how glorious would be our triumphal march! Cities would be illuminated, maidens would strew flowers before my horse's feet. The only smile of a woman worth winning is that by which she rewards the conqueror of nations.

Clar. Well, I, for one, should refuse to do you reverence. I believe that there exists a courage nobler than that which upholds men in the excitement of battle. That is but physical courage. There is a moral heroism a thousand times more admirable. Women show it by the bed of sickness. The man who throws the challenge of the duelist in his face, braving the ridicule of his class; the reformer who dares to uphold what is unprofitable and unpopular—these are all heroes.

Her. Humph! our standards vary. Give me to feel

the exultation of leading thousands to glory. My blood thrills at the clarion peal of war.

Clar. And so does mine, but coldly. It shrinks back upon my heart in regret and sorrow. If I were a poet—mind, a true poet, whose voice had power upon the hearts of the people—what a noble enthusiasm would burn in my soul to teach them a higher order of ambition! I would sing of love, of peace, and charity, until the golden silence should be broken only by the sounds of joy. Children should walk abroad in safety through streets which have been crimson with gore. There should be no gates to the cities, no walls of defense, but they should be ringed about with circles of plenty. I would teach my brothers the selfishness of requiring the lives of millions to foward their own aggrandizement. I would make kings blush, and emperors go hang themselves with remorse.

Her. You would make us all milk-sops.

Clar. Does any one doubt the courage of Christ? He was patient and long-suffering, but he swayed the hearts of others by the power of his gentleness, and he did not hesitate to suffer. His death attested the sublimity of his courage.

Her. Think of the renown of Napoleon! What a great, what a magnificent influence he wielded! His very name was potent to secure victory. I envy him, he is my ideal and my teacher.

Clar. Yet, if I had a harp of such sweet power as to draw men away from the terrible music of the martial drum, how exulting would I strike its strings! The world should be filled with its music. Go, Herbert, and gaze unmoved upon the agony of dying

battalions, and hear in your dreams the screams of anguish quivering on the lips of those who loved them; let your armor reflect the glare of burning cities, and your terrible instruments shatter what God has made so fair. My aspirations are of another kind. I, too, would have power over the passions of men. But it would be to teach the rich to give of their abundance, to shame the mean into obscurity; to excite gratitude for the beauty of the earth, and yearnings after the starry infinitudes of the heavens; to make men govern themselves by forgiving one another; to exalt the prosperity of humanity and the goodness of God.

Her. Alas! I fear we shall nevermore see the golden age of heroes, such as Homer sung.

Clar. When the poets are crowned, and love rules the land, instead of warriors wearing the coronet, and the sword being the scepter—yes when poets are kings, then will the Golden Age be renewed. —[*From Dime Dialogues No.1.*]

MAUD'S COMMAND;

OR,

YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

CHARACTERS:

HARRY YOUNG.
CYRUS RANDOLPH.
JULIA HALSTEAD.
CLARA LAMBERT.
MAUD MERTON.

COSTUMES.

ACT I.—Modern.

ACT II.—Old and shabby.

PROPERTIES:

ACT I.—Two tables. Four chairs. Decanter with wine. Wine glasses. Pack of cards.

ACT II.—Table. Two chairs. Work-basket and sewing. Lighted candle.

SCENE.—*A Room Neatly Furnished. Table at back on which are bottles and glasses. Table c.*

Doors r., l. and c.

JULIA, CLARA and MAUD discovered seated.

Julia. And so you are going to encourage intemperance by setting out wine this evening.

Clara. What harm can it do to sip a little wine occa-

sionally? I'm sure I'm not one of those girls who are always harping on temperance. I can take a little wine and it doesn't hurt me; I think it does me good. I have no patience with such girls as you, Julia, who are always raising their hands in holy horror when anybody speaks of taking a glass of wine.

Maud. That's my opinion exactly. If a young lady doesn't want to drink wine she can let it alone, but it isn't necessary for her to get up a talk when other persons want to drink a little.

Julia. You are both against me, but I feel sure I am right. When I think of the poverty and wretchedness that is caused by intemperance I feel that I am right in speaking against it at all times and under all circumstances.

Clara. But we are not talking about intemperance. It is not intemperance to take a little wine occasionally; it is temperance. I advocate the temperate use of wine, not the intemperate use of it. I advocate the use and not the abuse.

Julia. I do not think there is a single drunkard to-day who was not at one time a moderate drinker; or, as you term it, a temperate user of intoxicating liquor. Yes, Clara, every drunkard's grave is also the grave of a temperate drinker. Men and women do not become drunkards in a day or a week or a month. No, they are temperate drinkers for weeks and months and years, and at last they become *intemperate* drinkers, or drunkards.

Maud. Oh, let us talk about something else. I always did hate to listen to these temperance lectures. Clara has wine set out this evening and I am glad of

it. I intend to drink a little of it, but I don't think I will be so foolish as to get drunk. I wonder if those young men are not going to put in an appearance this evening.

Julia. I saw Frank to-day and he said he could not be here, as he had received a telegram from his uncle, and was obliged to go to the city immediately.

Maud. I suppose you are well enough satisfied he is not here since Clara has set out the wine.

Julia. I am happy to say that it would make no difference to Frank whether there was wine on the table or not. He has manliness enough to refuse to drink on any and all occasions.

Maud. Oh, dear! He wouldn't refuse to pledge me in wine if he were here, would he?

Julia. He would.

Maud. Mercy! what a straight-laced young man he is!

Julia. If there were more such straight-laced young men and women there would not be so many drunkards to-day. I want to tell you what a certain writer says: "For the past ten years the cost of liquors in the United States has been six thousand million dollars, producing the death of five hundred thousand persons by drunkenness. Think of this, and then think of the poor wives, widows and orphans this liquor has made; the deserted homes; the bleeding hearts; the wretched beings it has sent to prison and to the gallows, to poor house and asylum, and say if we should not, as a nation, have some fears for our safety if these things long continue.

Maud. Oh, let us drop the subject. I'm tired of this temperance talk. (*Door bell rings—exit CLARA, r.*)

They are coming now. This will end the temperance lectures for this evening.

Julia. I will endeavor to keep silent on the temperance question since it worries you so much.

Maud. That's a good girl. But it seems to me that it is almost impossible for you to keep silent.

Enter HARRY, CYRUS and CLARA, R.

Harry and Cyrus. (*Bowing and speaking together.*) Good evening, ladies. (*JULIA and MAUD respond.*)

Clara. Be seated. Harry, take this chair. You will not object, I know, because the chair is near to Maud's.

Harry. (*Gayly.*) I'd prefer to stand all night rather than sit there. (*CLARA and JULIA laugh.* *HARRY takes the proffered seat.*)

Maud. That's a peculiar way you have of standing all night.

Clara. Cyrus, will you take this seat?

Cyrus. I believe I'll stand all night so as to be like Harry. (*Seats himself.*)

Clara. I believe I will not allow you to keep your seats. (*Draws the table to c.*) We will open the evening's entertainment with a game of whist. (*Throws down on table a deck of cards.*)

Maud. Clara, I'm dying to taste your wine. Why not open the exercises by taking a slight drink. Of course it will enable us to play better.

Clara. You are right, Maud; I didn't think of it. (*CLARA fills the glasses.*) This is for you, Cyrus. (*Hands glass to CYRUS.*) This is for you, Harry. (*Hands glass to HARRY.*)

Harry. (*Confused and hesitating.*) I—I—you must

excuse me, Miss Clara, I—I have decided that I will not drink any more.

Maud. She doesn't want you to drink any more; she wants you to drink wine. (CLARA and CYRUS laugh.)

Harry. Excuse me from drinking this evening. It does not suit me to drink.

Cyrus. What has come over you? Haven't turned teetotaler, have you? You used to be able to do your part on such occasions.

Clara. (Setting down the glass.) Of course I will not insist on anybody drinking. (With a slight sneer.) I know there is a temperance feeling abroad in the land.

Maud Harry, you and I are engaged. That is known to this company. I have sufficient confidence in you to believe that you can take a drink of wine at the table of a lady friend and yet not become a drunkard. You either have not much confidence in yourself, or you are disposed to be rude. If I did not think you had firmness enough to take a drink of wine here and be temperate afterwards I would cast you off immediately. You are a man. Now, will you drink my health? If you will not pledge me in wine to-night our engagement is at an end. I do not ask you to continue to drink; if you wish to become a teetotaler you can do so. You need never drink again, but I ask you to drink this once, and if you refuse, the engagement is severed. What is your answer?

Harry. (Attempting gaiety.) Of course I will drink. How could I live without you?

Maud. I knew you could be a man, and I am proud of you.

Julia. (*Aside.*) The time may come when she will not be proud of him.

Clara. Everything is satisfactorily arranged now, and I will pass the glasses. (*Hands a glass to each one, except JULIA.*) Julia, I suppose I need not offer you a glass of wine.

Julia. You need not; I do not drink.

Harry. (*Gayly.*) I thought I didn't drink either, but I find I do. (*They all raise their glasses.*)

Cyrus. (*To CLARA.*) I drink to your health and to the health of our temperance friend, Julia. (*They drink.*)

Harry. (*To MAUD.*) I drink to your health and to the health of our hostess, (*They drink.*)

Maud. (*To HARRY.*) It wasn't a serious matter; it will not send you to destruction, will it?

Harry. I think not.

Clara. (*Taking the glasses.*) Now then for our game—what shall it be?

Cyrus. I vote for euchre.

Maud. So do I.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

TIME.—Three years later.

SCENE.—*A Room, denoting poverty and wretchedness.*

Two chairs r. Table l. Lighted candle on table. Doors r. and l.

MAUD, now MRS. YOUNG, shabbily dressed, seated near table, sewing.

Maud. Oh, this pinching want and poverty! this

wretched, wretched life. How we are to live through the winter is more than I can tell. And when the winter is past what difference can it make? Neither winter nor summer bring any change or relief, but if possible, matters are growing worse. I can expect nothing but drunkenness and cruelty from Harry. He has descended rapidly and there can be no relief from this wretchedness until he drinks himself to death. Oh, who would have believed that Harry Young, so proud, so kind, so industrious, so intelligent, would in a few short years become a drunken and degraded being? Had I been able to read his future I am sure I never would have married him.

Enter HARRY, r., shabbily dressed, singing.

Harry. "We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear."

Hello, Maud, what are you doing?

Maud, (Aside.) He is not much intoxicated this evening. I will talk to him and endeavor to show him that he is doing wrong. (*To Harry.*) I am doing some sewing for Mrs. Ray. I want to get some money so that we can buy something to eat.

Harry. Talking about eating reminds me that I want to eat my supper. Why haven't you got it ready?

Maud. There is but one loaf of bread in the house. You can go to the cupboard and get it if you wish.

Harry. I don't like bread without butter. Hurry up your sewing and get us some butter.

Maud. I cannot finish this work before to-morrow

evening. Did you succeed in getting a place to work to-day?

Harry. No, don't talk to me about work. I'm not going to work as long as I can keep from it.

Maud. I don't see how we can live here any longer if you don't get work. The rent is nearly due, the weather is cold and we have no fuel, and we can scarcely get enough food to keep us alive.

Harry. Well, if we have to die let us die and make no fuss about it. I don't care for anything now but whisky and brandy.

Maud. Oh, Harry, will you not turn now? Will you not give up this awful habit of drinking, and let us endeavor to regain our former position? You are out of employment and we are in the depths of poverty and wretchedness. I am ashamed to meet my former associates, and we are shunned by all respectable people. Oh, let us turn to-day and endeavor to do better.

Harry. You talk nonsense. It is too late to turn now. While I have a cent I will have liquor and as long as there is liquor made I will have it. It can't be otherwise; it is impossible for me to do without it. If I could have plenty of money I would soon drink myself to death and then it would all be over. Therefore, if you want better times—if you want to be rid of me, sew rapidly, give me all the money I can use, and the drama will soon be ended and I will be in a drunkard's grave.

Maud. Oh, Harry, don't talk so. You know I don't want you to kill yourself drinking—you know I want you to live and regain your position in society—you know I would be proud of you if you were the same

kind, noble and intelligent man you were before I married you.

Harry. It is useless to talk of reformation; it is too late to reform. I made a mighty effort in that direction before we were married. I began to think I was drinking too much and I resolved to stop. I had not tasted wine nor strong drink for six months. I fully believe I could have conquered then, but you tempted me—you compelled me to drink—you dragged me down to ruin.

Maud. Harry, what do you mean?

Harry. I mean just what I say. A few weeks before we were married Clara Lambert had an evening party. There were present only Julia Halstead, Cyrus Randolph, Clara Lambert and you and I. She had set out wine and we were invited to drink. I refused at first, but you insisted that I must drink your health, saying that if I refused to do so our engagement was at an end. Oh! why did I not refuse? Why did I not assert my manhood? Why did I not tell you to go your way? But I yielded. I thought I loved you and could not give you up. I know now that I *do not* love you, for you have led me to destruction; I cannot even respect you—I almost hate you. But you conquered. Yes, you wound me around your finger, and now you reap the bitter consequences. You have no one but yourself to blame for your present wretchedness. The slumbering appetite was aroused, and from that time forth it was impossible for me to live without intoxicating liquor. We were married, and for a time I struggled to overcome this passion for strong drink. You knew nothing of my struggles; you knew nothing of my re-

morse as I found that I was surely going down to poverty and degradation. That is past now. I care not how fast I go; I care not how soon I die; I know there is nothing left for me but the drunkard's hell. And, Maud, this is all your work. You triumphed at the party and compelled me to drink, but you can't stop my drinking now. I must have it; I must drink yet a little longer and then it will all be over. Then to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell I will go.

Maud. Oh, Harry, my life will be a burden now. Oh! the unspeakable anguish of this hour. How can I endure it?

McBride's Temperance Dialogues.

THE SMOKE FIEND.

FOR FOUR BOYS.

(Enter CHARLIE with *cigar in hand*.)

Charlie. “Oh, tobacco 'tis a nauseous weed
That from the devil did proceed;
It soils the mouth and spots the clothes
And makes a chimney of the nose.”

And yet, everybody uses it—all the boys and all the men. The girls and women don't use it. Of course they don't! *They* can't vote, and ride on a dray, and play out nights, and fly kites, and go to the circus alone; and that's why *they* can't smoke. Father smokes, and Uncle John smokes, and the deacon smokes, and if the minister don't it's 'cause he's too poor; he's all he can do to live without any luxuries. Ministers weren't made for luxuries; they are meek men who don't fight, nor stand round the taverns, nor go to races, nor 'lectioneer, nor play base ball matches, and 'cause they don't do these things they get beggar's pay. It's the men who smoke, and talk big, and push around rough and tumble that get the best pay, and that's just what

I'm going to do. So here goes! (*Proceeds to light cigar—which may be an imitation one, with end painted red to resemble fire—and striking an attitude smokes.*) You see, tobacco is everywhere, and what would it be everywhere for if it wasn't to be used? Air is everywhere for it's to be breathed; water is everywhere for it's to be drank, and if tobacco is everywhere it's to be smoked or why was it made? (*Smokes.*) Queer that it wasn't in the Old World and never was known until Columbus discovered it here, in America. But, not so queer, after all, when one comes to study the matter. Potatoes were never known until found here; nor Indian corn, nor sweet potatoes, nor turkeys, nor maple sugar, nor quinine, nor oysters, nor salmon trout and ever so many other things. Now, why was it? (*Smokes.*) Because the world wasn't civilized enough for 'em. Because—because—I guess I'll not smoke any more just now. (*Throws cigar away and puts hand on stomach.*) I—I—guess I'm sick. I wonder what makes the house go round so? (*Puts hand to head and reels to side of stage.*)

(*Enter NED, HARRY and OLIVER.*)

Ned. Whew, what a smell! Guess some loafer has been here. It just takes tobacco to make a first-class loafer.

Harry. (*Picking up cigar.*) And here is the cigar that did it. (*Smells of it.*) Pah, it's beastly. How anybody but a hard shell sinner can put such stuff in his mouth is a mystery.

Oliver. Why here is Charley! Why, Charlie, what

is the matter? You look as if somebody had been taking your measure for a funeral.

NED. (*Leading CHARLEY forward.*) Ho—ho—ho! Why, sonny, does your mother know you're out? Got the cigar itum cum spulicum?

HARRY. Or the nicotinibus deliciosissimo gripus

OLIVER. Or the smokibus on the brainibus?

CHARLES. Go away! Let me alone!

NED. This is a mean world. Isn't worth living in if it wasn't for tobacco—the poor man's delight and the rich man's solace.

HARRY. Nothing like tobacco! Makes the nerves steady, the head clear, the stomach strong and the tongue eloquent.

OLIVER. Makes the complexion rosy, the eyes bright, the breath sweet and the mouth tempting.

NED. And that's what's the matter with Charley? Pretty fellow, ain't he? Bring in the girls to admire him, Harry. (*H. starts for exit.*)

CHARLIE. Oh, don't. I feel dreadful. I tell you it's awful.

HARRY. What's awful—the girls?

CHARLIE. No—a cigar. I've been a fool. I thought because men smoked I'd be as good as any of them and smoke too. So I tried and oh, it's just horrid!

OLIVER. Of course it is—a beastly, filthy, disgusting, debasing, distressing, unhealthful, unnecessary, expensive wicked—

NED. Go it unabridged!

OLIVER. And repellent habit, that brings a brood of

evil things in its train—gives a person false tastes, leads him to saloons and bars, makes him familiar with fast men and genteel loafers, tempts him to drink—for wine, liquor and cigars always go hand in hand—sooner or later injures his digestion and nervous system, and sends him—

Harry. To the poor-house.

Ned. To the hospital.

Oliver. To an untimely grave.

Charlie. Oh, what a result from one small habit!

Oliver. Small habit, do you say? It is one of the most disastrous in consequences, and one of the most expensive in mere money cost, of our vices. Next to liquors, the first great curse of mankind, it is the one vice that is man's worst enemy. It is only a little on the start, and because it is little, men treat it as of no importance, but it grows like a cancer, eating and devouring as it grows, until no physician can heal.

Charlie. I'll no more of it, I'm sure, and if you boys will only stand by me, I'll talk it out of every boy's mouth that is polluted with it.

Ned. Count me in.

Harry. Refer to me as a shining light.

Oliver. And to yourself, Charlie, as a brand plucked from the burning. Call me the foe of all the tobacco signs in town and the enemy of cigar dealers everywhere. Bars and cigars; here's to their death and burial in Potter's field! May their friends be ashamed to mourn, and no preacher be found to give them Christian burial.

All. (*Groan.*) So mote it be!

(*Exeunt NED, HARRY and OLIVER.*)

Charlie. Tobacco is a loathsome weed,
That from the devil did proceed,
It fouls the mouth, the mind, the man;
With rum it leads Crime's caravan;
Unhappy he who wears the yoke
The tobacco fiend moulds out of smoke!
But, bllest be he who dares to be
Tobacco's ceaseless enemy!

And that I'll be.

(*Exit.*)

[*From Beadle's Dime Dialogues, No. 19.*)

CHARADE.

PHAN——TOM.”

CHARACTERS:

MR. DEBIT, *a merchant.*

TOM HIGHDON, *his clerk.*

JULIUS, *a colored servant.*

MRS. REEVES.

ELLEN REEVES, *her daughter.*

PHAN——

SCENE I.—*An office on Wall street. A desk L., and a table R. C.*

DEBIT is looking over some letters at table. TOM HIGHDON is writing at desk.

Debit. Oh, Highdon!

Tom (looking round). Sir.

Debit. Did you send off those charges to Pluckem & Co?

Tom. Sent them by yesterday's post.

Debit. That's right. [A pause. Tom resumes his Writing.]

Debit. Oh, Highdon.

Tom (looking round). Sir.

Debit. Has the "Charmer" been heard of yet?

Tom. I called at the Underwriters' this morning, and nothing has been heard of her.

Debit. Confound it!—and I am not fully insured! Has Bradbury been here this morning about that sugar?

Tom. Yes sir. He'll meet you on 'Change at twelve o'clock.

Debit. That's right. (A pause. Tom resumes his writing; DEBIT gets up, changes his coat and puts on his hat.) Copy this out in time for to-day's post, will you? [Gives him paper.]

Tom. Yes sir.

Debit. I'm going on 'Change, now.

Tom. Very well, sir. (Exit DEBIT.) I thought he never would go out. (Throws down pen, rises, and comes forward.) And the advertisement says between eleven and twelve. Where's the *Herald*? (Goes to DEBIT's table and gets newspaper.) Let me see: "Dear Brown, call and see me. Julia." That ain't it. I wonder if Brown will go and see his Julia. "Wanted, two thousand five hundred dollars"—ah, who don't want two thousand five hundred dollars?—that ain't it. Here it is: "Found, in a Broadway stage, a lady's fan. The owner can have it by applying at No. 796 Wall street, between the hours of eleven and twelve." If I am not mistaken the young lady who left the fan in the stage

was handsome. I hope she'll come for it herself. (*A knock is heard at the door.*) Come in.

Enter Mrs. REEVES and ELLEN.

Mrs. Reeves. Is this 796 Wall street?

Tom. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Reeves. My daughter had the misfortune to lose a fan the other day in a Broadway stage.

Tom. Oh, then, you have called about that fan?

Mrs. Reeves. Seeing an advertisement in the *Herald* to the effect that a fan had been found and might be had by applying here, we have called to see if it is the fan my daughter lost.

Tom. What kind of fan was it?

Mrs. Reeves. You had better describe it, Ellen.

Ellen. Very well, mamma. It was an ivory fan, carved, with a landscape painted upon it, and trimmed with marabout feathers.

Tom. (*goes to desk and gets fan.*) Is that it?

Ellen. Oh, yes! How glad I am to get it back again! It was given me as a present, and I wouldn't lose it for the world.

Tom. I am happy to have been the means of returning it to you.

Mrs. Reeves. Pardon me sir, but what have we to pay you?

Tom. I paid fifty cents for the advertisement.

Mrs. Reeves. Will you not allow us to pay your carriage hire as well?

Tom. Thank you, no. I left the advertisement on my way up town.

Mrs. Reeves. You are very kind. Dear me, I have

not my purse with me! Ellen, have you any money with you?

Ellen. No, mamma.

Mrs. Reeves. How careless of me! Really, sir, I am extremely sorry, but—

Tom. It is no matter, I assure you.

Mrs. Reeves. Would it be troubling you too much to ask you to call at our house?

Tom. Not at all. (*Aside.*) A capital chance to make love to the daughter.

Mrs. Reeves. There is our address sir. [*Gives card.*]

Tom. Thank you.

Ellen. I am sure sir we are sorry to put you to so much trouble.

Tom. It's a pleasure, I assure you.

Mrs. Reeves. Any time you are passing we shall be happy to see you. Come Ellen. Good morning sir.

Tom. Good morning.

Ellen. Good morning. [*Tom bows, the ladies curtsey and exit.*]

Tom. What a beautiful creature. And how fascinating the mother is! Tom Highdon, you're a lucky dog! (*Strikes himself upon the chest.*) Hullo! here comes old Debit.

[*Runs to desk, sits down and begins to write.*]

Enter DEBIT.

Debit. Highdon.

Tom. Sir.

Debit. What did those ladies want that I met on the stairs just now?

Tom. They—they—wanted to know the price of cotton.

Debit. Strange creatures these women,—did you tell them?

Tom. Yes, sir.

Debit. That's right. Here, copy this out and take it round to Jones's when it is finished.

[*Gives paper to Tom then goes to table and sits down.*

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*A parlor in Mrs. REEVE'S house.*

Enter JULIUS.

Julius. Now, it 'pears to me dar is suffin' wrong 'bout dis house. Miss Ellen is in lub, dat's what it is. She don't eat nuffin', and am as melancholy as a rooster on a wet day. Now, when I was in lub, I felt mi'ty bad, too. My gal didn't 'have prop'ly to me at all. Dem gals do make fools of us poor cullu'd folks. Golly! don't dis chile 'member de song she used to like to hear. I 'member,—it went dis way. [Sings.

AIR: “*A little more cider, too.*”

I'll tell you all about my lub, my heart goes pitty-patter;

She was as sweet as sugar-cane, her heart was soft as batter;

Her eyes were brack as eberyting—her voice as clear as nuffin',

Her har was like a blue-jay's nest—her nose was like a muffin!

CHORUS.

I lubbed Miss Dinah so,

I lubbed Miss Dinah so—

She was as gay as Chris'mas day—and—

Yah ha! I lubbed her so!

[*Kisses his hand with a loud noise.*

One day we went out walkin' by de margin ob de ribber,
 De wind was blowin' kinder fresh, an' made Miss Dinah shibber;
 She shibber so, I thought she'd fall, an' in my arms I caught her,
 When de wind cum up an' blowed so hard it blowed us in de water.

CHORUS.

I lubbed Miss Dinah so,
 I lubbed Miss Dinah so—
 She was as gay as Chris'mas day—and—
 Yah ha! I lubbed her so! [Kisses hand.]

Miss Dinah she went in head first an' I went in head foremost;
 An' tho' I froze my nose an' toes, my heart was still de warmest;
 We sank rite down into de waves—de people thought us drownded—
 Miss Dinah she was raked ashore, but I was nebberr founded!

CHORUS.

I lubbed Miss Dinah so,
 I lubbed Miss Dinah so—
 She was gay as Chris'mas day—and—
 Yah ha! I lu'bed her so! [Kisses hand.]
 Hello! dar's ole missus a comin'?

Enter MRS. REEVES.

Mrs. Reeves. Did you leave that note I gave you?

Julius. Yes, missus.

Mrs. Reeves. Did they give you any message for me?

Julius. 'Pears not missus; nebber said nuffin to me.

Mrs. Reeves. You may go. (*Julius hesitates.*) Why do you stand there? You can go.

Julius. Beg pardon, missus, but may dis boy go out to-morrow?

Mrs. Reeves. What do you want to go out for? you had a holiday last week.

Julius. Well, missus, Clementina—dat gal's my cousin,—goin' to be married to-morrow.

Mrs. Reeves. And you want to go to the wedding?

Julius. Please, missus, de party couldn't get on nohow widout Julius. I'se one of de bridesmaids.

Mrs. Reeves. One of the groomsmen, I suppose you mean.

Julius. Yas, dat's what it is. I gibs de bride away.

Mrs. Reeves. If you give the bride away I suppose you can go Julius.

Julius. Thank you, Missus. Golly! won't dis boy Julius hab some fun? [*Cuts a pigeon's wing and exits.*]

Mrs. Reeves. I can hardly understand the feeling Ellen entertains toward Mr. Highdon. I must speak to her about it and see that the connection with that gentleman is severed.

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. Oh! mamma, Tom is coming here to—

Mrs. Reeves (interrupting her.) Tom! who are you you speaking of,—a cat?

Ellen. Oh, no, mamma; Tom is Mr. Highdon.

Mrs. Reeves. Do you know it is very improper, my dear to call gentlemen by their Christian names?

Ellen. But Tom don't mind it mamma.

Mrs. Reeves. I do. Mr. Highdon was kind enough to return your fan when you lost it; we would have paid him for his trouble if he had allowed us; because he would not I see no reason why we should be on such familiar terms with him.

Ellen. But, mamma, Tom likes me to call him Tom.

Mrs. Reeves. I do not. We must let Mr. Highdon understand that we no longer desire him to visit us.

Ellen. But, mamma, you won't be so unkind!

Mrs. Reeves. Unkind! My dear, Mr. Highdon is only a clerk in a merchant's office down town, so it would be wrong of us to let him entertain hopes that would ultimately have to be destroyed.

Enter JULIUS.

Julius. Please, missus, dat young woman dat was here dis mornin', called ag'in.

Mrs. Reeves. Very well, Julius, I'll come and see her. [*Excunt MRS. REEVES and JULIUS.*]

Ellen. I wonder what Tom will say when I tell him that mamma don't like him to come here. I am sure it is very unkind of mamma, just because his name is Tom, not to let him come here any more.

Enter TOM.

Tom. My dear Ellen! how do you do to-day?

Ellen How do you do, Mr. Highdon?

Tom. Mr. Highdon! Why don't you call me Tom?

Ellen. Mamma says I am not to.

Tom. Why not?

Ellen. I don't know; she says you mustn't come here any more.

Tom. Not come here! If I don't see you I shall go mad.

Ellen. Don't go mad; I don't like mad people.

Tom. Well, then, dearest, for your sake I won't.

Ellen. Thank you Tom.

Tom. There's a darling; always call me Tom. I will see your mamma, tell her how much I love you, and ask her to let you be my wife.

Enter MRS. REEVES.

Mrs. Reeves. You here, Mr. Highdon?

Tom. Yes, madam. I have come to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage.

Mrs. Reeves (aside). Oh, oh! It's time I thought of putting a stop to it. (*Aloud.* Indeed sir, and do you love my daughter?)

Tom. Most devotedly.

Mrs. Reeves. And Ellen loves you?

Ellen. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Reeves (aside.) This has gone further than I thought. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Highdon, will you come with me to the library; there I will speak to you upon the subject.

Tom. Certainly, madam.

[*Exit MRS. REEVES; TOM kisses ELLEN'S hand and hurries after her.*]

Ellen. Mamma looks so cross, I am sure Tom will

be disappointed, and I know I shall be. Oh dear! oh dear! why are mammas so cruel?

[She sits upon chair and covers her face with handkerchief.

[Scene closes.

PHANTOM.

SCENE III.—*The same as Scene II.*

Enter JULIUS.

Julius. Nohow he can fix it—I won’t let him in. He am been here two or tree times, but missus says, Julius, says she, if massa Highdon comes here, don’t let him see Miss Ellen. An’ dis nigger won’t. (*A clock strikes twelve.*) Dar’s twelve o’clock, missus can’t be long, anyway.

Enter TOM, with a sheet wrapped round him.

Julius. Oh! Lor’ a massy. [Crouches behind a chair in terror.]

Tom (in a sepulchral voice.) Julius, Julius, Julius, I want you.

Julius. Go ’long; don’t know you; dis man neber see’d you afore.

Tom. Come here, Julius.

Julius. Julius am gone out.

Tom. Ha, ha, ha! Tellest thou an untruth?

[Goes to JULIUS, takes him by the collar and drags to front of stage.]

Julius (falling on his knees.) Go way white man,
dis cullud pussun don't know you.

Tom. Where is—

Julius (interrupting him.) Where's dat sherry?

Tom (suppressing a laugh.) Yes, where is that
sherry?

Julius. I only took two bottles; one I gub to a yaller
gal, the udder dis boy had for roomatiz.

Tom. Sayest thou so? Begone, and wait for me in
the basement.

Julius. Lor' a massy, massa, dat I will.

[*Exit JULIUS in extreme trepidation.*]

Tom. Ha, ha, ha! (*Resuming his natural voice.*) Love laughs at locksmiths, they say. Love laughs at negroes, say I. He was terribly frightened, but it was the only way I could get him to leave here. But how am I to see Ellen. I am almost as far away from that as ever.

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen (screams.) What's that?

Tom (throwing away sheet.) My dearest Ellen, it is only I.

Ellen. Oh, Tom, how you frightened me, I took you for a ghost.

Tom. No, dear, no phantom, but your own Tommy in the flesh.

Ellen. What will mamma say if she knows it?

Tom. But she won't know it. I have frightened Julius, thanks to that sheet, so there is no fear of his returning.

Ellen. How indiscreet of you, Tom.

Tom. Can you expect me to be discreet and not see you? It is impossible.

Ellen. Did you see my letter in to-day's *Herald*?

Tom. Yes, dear.

Ellen. Isn't it delightful that we can correspond in that way without anyone being a bit the wiser.

Tom. It's charming. (*Aside.*) But very expensive. (*Aloud.*) I have good news for you darling; old Debit is going to take me into partnership.

Ellen. That's splendid.

Tom. Isn't it? Ever since your mother forbade me the house I have been indefatigable in my attention to business; so much so that old Debit has offered me a share in the business. When that's settled we may enter into a different kind of partnership. Eh, Ellen?

Ellen. Oh, Tom.

Enter MRS. REEVES.

Mrs. Reeves. This is pretty conduct sir, entering my house in this manner. What have you to say in palliation?

Tom. Simply that I love your daughter.

Mrs. Reeves. Nonsense! I should have thought that Mr. Highton had more pride than to intrude himself where his presence is obnoxious.

Tom. I have reason to think only to one person, madam.

Mrs. Reeves. If I were to give you my consent, how could you support a wife? My daughter has been used to luxuries which I am sure you, with your income, could never afford.

Ellen. But, mamma, Mr. Debit has taken Tom into partnership.

Mrs. Reeves. Is that so?

Tom. Yes, madam, I am happy to say it is.

Mrs. Reeves. Humph! (*Aside*) Mr. Debit is one of the richest men in Wall street. (*Aloud*) Mr. Highdon, Ellen, come here. (*Takes ELLEN's and HIGHDON's hands and joins them together.*) Take her Mr. Highdon, but mind, if you are deceiving me about the partnership, I shall withdraw my consent.

Tom. Then my happiness is secured.

Mrs. Reeves (ringing bell.) Now I will have a talk with Julius. You will excuse me, Mr. Highdon, but I am about to scold Julius for admitting you.

Tom. It was—

Enter JULIUS.

Julius. Yes, missus. (*Seeing Tom.*) Lor' a massy, dare's massa Highdon!

Mrs. Reeves. Yes, and how came you to admit Mr. Highdon?

Julius. Dis boy nebber 'mitted massa Highdon.

Mrs. Reeves. How did he get into this room, then?

Tom. I will explain that. Knowing that you had forbidden me the house, I had recourse to a lover's stratagem; I put on that sheet, and frightened Julius into the belief that I was a phantom.

JULIUS. An' was you de spook?

Tom (pointing to sheet). Yes, and there is my ghostly garment.

JULIUS (aside to Tom). Don't say nuffin 'bout de sherry.

Mrs. Reeves. I see how it is, so I suppose I must forgive all of you.

Ellen. If you please, mamma, and (*to audience*) ladies and gentlemen, will you be kind enough to give a helping hand to the new partnership?

ELLEN and TOM, centre. MRS. REEVES, left, and JULIUS right.

CURTAIN.



THE FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

CHARACTERS:

CLAUDE.
JULIUS.

FRANK.

MAX.
ROLAND.

FRANK discovered writing. MAX and ROLAND Playing Chess. CLAUDE and JULIUS playing Backgammon. A moment of Silence.

Claude (pushing back the board). The game is mine, Julius.

Julius. We are even, then. Will you play one more?

Claude. Not now—this evening.

Max. Mated.

Roland. Yes; I am tired of chess. (*Yawns and stretches himself.*) What are you fellows all doing?

Claude. We seem to have all come to a standstill.

Julius. Excepting Frank. What is he doing? Frank!

{*Frank takes no notice.*}

Claude (loudly). Frank!

Max (still louder). Frank! (*Frank Still takes no notice.*)

Roland (clapping Frank on the back). Frank, are you deaf, or dead?

Frank (looking up). What is the matter? Can't you let a fellow have a little peace?

Max. Peace! We have all been as mute as mice for more than an hour.

Julius. What are you writing—a novel?

Frank. No.

Claude. Poetry?

Frank. No.

Roland. School composition?

Frank. No.

Max. A speech?

Frank. Not exactly.

Julius. What is it, then?

Frank. Oh, you'll all laugh at me if I tell you.

Max. Not a smile shall dare to hover near my classic features.

Claude. I will not laugh if you tell me it is a farce.

Julius. I'll be as sober as a deacon.

Roland. And I'll be as grave as that traditional bird, the church owl: though I do not really admit that owls are any more solemn in a church than out of it.

Frank. I'll tell you, then; I'm writing an oration for the Fourth of July.

Julius. What is the occasion?

Frank. A sort of picnic to Hunter's Point. You will

all be invited. There's to be all sorts of fun—swings, luncheon, dancing, and I am requested to deliver the oration.

Julius. Is it written?

Frank. Partly.

Max. Spread eagle, glorious land of independence, free-born citizens, and all the rest of it, I suppose, Frank?

Frank (rather stiffly). There! I knew you would make fun of me.

Max. Not a bit of it! I say, read us what you have written.

Frank. Well, I will. (*Takes up papers.*) Fellow-citizens.

Julius. Oh pshaw! Milk and water. Say it with some life (*dramatically*). Fellow-citizens!

Frank (imitating). Fellow-citizens.

Roland. That's more like it.

Frank. I rise before you—

Max. Pooh! Rise, why don't you? Who ever heard of a man sitting down to deliver an oration?

Frank (standing up). I rise before you on this glorious day—

Claude (drawlingly). I rise before you on this glorious day. I want more sugar in my coffee. You would throw as much life into one speech as you did in the other. (*Very dramatically.*) I re-ise before you on this ge-lorious day!

Frank (imitating). I re-ise before you on this ge-lorious day.

Max. That's better, in case it don't rain. If it does, you had better substitute damp for glorious.

Frank. You shut up! Where was I?

Max. Rising on a glorious day, like patent yeast.

Frank. To say a few words upon the subject of our great national anniversary—an anniversary whose recurrence sends a thrill of patriotic fire through the heart of every free-born American citizen.

Max. Hear! Hear!

Claude. Patriotic fire is good!

Julius. H'm—yes—I've heard it before.

Roland. Pshaw! Of course you have. Go ahead,
Frank. That's first-rate.

Frank. Where was I?

Max. Blazing with patriotic fire.

Julius. Blaze away.

Frank. When we recall to mind the great and inspiring event that will cause this day to be ever an anniversary—

Max. Hold up! There's two anniversaries!

Julius. Don't run into tautology.

Frank. But—

Roland. Make one of them Mary-versary, and go ahead.

Frank. You've thrown me all out!

Claud. Get in again.

Frank. The history of our country commemorates no prouder day than the Fourth of July—the day when tyranny was thrown aside forever, and the American Eagle soared unshackled to the sky.

Claude. Oh, fan me!

Julius. There's spread eagle for you!

Roland. With a vengeance!

Max. Shut up, you fellows. Go ahead, Frank.

Frank (very dramatically). Never have the pinions

of the emblematic bird been fettered since the great day when our forefathers (*getting on a chair*) with a mighty effort defied the oppressive rule of proud Britains, and rose (*gets on the table*) in mighty power, to assert their rights as men!

Max. Shall I assist you to stand on the mantelpiece?

Frank (not heeding him). From the snowy fields of ice-bound Maine to the sunny slopes of Louisiana, from the billows of the broad Atlantic to the waves of the great Pacific, the patriotic citizens of this glorious land of freedom are uniting in the celebration of this anniversary.

Max. Another anniversary?

Frank (throwing the manuscript at his head). Write it yourself, then. (*Leaps down from table.*)

Claude. Oh, come, don't get mad. Read us the rest of it.

Frank (sulkily). Read it yourself.

Claude (taking manuscript and getting on the table). Let's see—h'm—h'm! anniversary. Oh, here is the place. (*Reads with great gesticulation.*) Never since the hour when the British lion was driven, an enraged and conquered power, from our shores, never has the free American citizen lowered his head or bent his knees in homage to royalty. We who are here to-day inherit the proud and animal—

Frank (scornfully). Animal! Inalienable!

Claude. Is it? (*Getting down.*) I don't believe in writing speeches. Trust to inspiration.

Frank. Suppose you never had an inspiration.

Max. The subject will inspire you. Fourth of July!

Why, Fourth of July would inspire anybody. I could make an impromptu oration three hours long.

Frank (sarcastically). Oh, could you?

Roland. Anybody could.

Julius. Of course anybody could.

Frank. Suppose you try it.

Max (standing up, and speaking very dramatically, and with much gesticulation.) Ladies and gentlemen.

Frank. Oh, bosh! Who ever heard a Fourth of July oration commence with ladies and gentlemen.

Max (as before.) Fellow citizens! I—I—(*Commencing again.*) Fellow citizens! As I look around me upon this melancholy—

Frank. Oh! oh!

Claude. He's been hearing somebody's funeral oration.

Roland. Take out your handkerchiefs boys.

Max. Ahem! Not melancholy, that was a slip of the tongue. (*Dramatically.*) Fellow citizens!

Frank. You said that before.

Max. I rise upon this joyful day to—to—(*commencing again.*) When I see before me the faces of the—the—(*commencing again.*) Fellow citizens!

Frank. How, are you, inspiration!

Max. (Sitting down.) Oh, a fellow can't get inspired in a stuffy room with four other fellows laughing at him.

Claude. You must trust more to imagination. Imagine the flags waving, cannon firing, band playing, and a listening audience hanging enraptured upon your words. (*Dramatically.*) Fellow citizens! When I

gaze upon the stars and stripes waving in glorious profusion—

Max. Stuff! That's the way novelists describe the heroine's hair. It always waves in glorious profusion.

Claude. Nobody could make a speech with such constant interruption.

Max. Go ahead. I won't interrupt you again.

Claude. (*Dramatically.*) When I see around me this vast assemblage collected to do honor to the great and glorious anniversary of our national independence, I feel—feel—national independence, I—I—

Frank. How are you, imagination.

Julius. You are neither of you patriotic enough. Patriotism! Patriotism! That's the feeling that must fill your hearts. With a heart overflowing with patriotism, words of burning eloquence rise spontaneously to the lips.

Claude. (*Dryly.*) Oh, do they? (*Sitting down.*) Give us a specimen.

Julius. (*Rising.*) Fellow patriots and free-born citizens of this land of liberty! My heart swells with proud emotions when I recall the great occasion which first led (*speaking very rapidly, without any punctuation*) to the celebration of this anniversary of our nation's independence when the infant nation arose in her might to crush out the oppression of a parent power whose exactions drained from the veins of her children the life-blood of freedom the bone and sinew of her men the fruits of her labor the rights of her citizens, the privileges of her colonists unheeding the groans of an oppressed and taxed nation unheeding lawful prayers for

redress unheeding the claims of justice the struggles of freedom the—

Frank. Stop! Stop! Gracious! Stop him, you fellows, or he'll burst a blood-vessel!

Claude. Steam engines and locomotives!

Roland. Who ever heard an orator gallop through his speech in that style? And who wants to hear all that matter-of-fact stuff, anyhow? Everybody knows all about the Fourth of July. What you want in such a speech as that is not a matter-of-fact stringing together of historical facts; but symbols, flowers of rhetoric and figures of speech.

Julius. (*Sitting down.*) Pitch in.

Roland. (*Rising.*) Fellow citizens! (*Very slowly and with marked emphasis.*) Soaring above us in the zenith the bird of Freedom tosses from his unfettered wings the dewdrops of hope upon this memorable day! From the hour when he lay wounded and bleeding, under the outstretched talons of the lion of oppression, to the great day when, with outspread wings, he overshadowed the conquered brute, the sun of liberty has never set upon the folds of our starry flag!

Frank. (*Clapping hands.*) Hear! hear!

Claude. Whew!

Max. Where did you steal that?

Roland. (*Grandly.*) I do not depend upon others for my ideas, sir!

Frank. Give us some more.

Roland. When the gushing floods of Freedom's sunlight were for a time obscured by the clouds of treason, and the proud bird of—

Max. See here old fellow, no personalities, if you

please. (*Dramatically.*) Remember the hot blood of Louisiana courses through my veins.

Claude. And Virginia's through mine.

Roland. I stand corrected. I will sink in oblivion the late differences of opinion, though I claim Massachusetts for my native State.

Julius. I think if Frank would collect all the fragments of oratory he has heard he might work up a first-rate speech.

Frank. (*Stiffly.*) Thank you. I don't write *my* speeches as my grandmother makes quilts—out of patches. (*Takes his manuscript.*)

Julius. Oh, you needn't get riled! The great bother I should have would be in winding up.

Frank. So I should judge from the way you run on.

Julius. Stopping gracefully is a great point.

Claude. Yes. You can't say yours truly as you do in a letter.

Max. Or, farewell forever.

Roland. Or, I tear myself away with pain, as you do at an evening party.

Max. (*Rising.*) Oh, that's easy enough. (*As if addressing an audience.*) I will conclude these few remarks by proposing three cheers for the stars and stripes.

Frank. (*Rising.*) Fearing to exhaust your patience, I will now bid you a final farewell.

Claude. Mercy on us, Frank, that is too touching. Final farewell! That would never do. (*Rising.*) Thanking you all for your patient attention, I will now —now—(*commencing again.*) Hoping we may all meet upon some future occasion, I will—will—(*desperately.*)

Stars and stripes! American eagle! Three cheers!

Julius. (*Rising.*) Trusting that I have repaid you for your patient indulgence—

Frank That's modest.

Julius. (*Rapidly, and without punctuation, as before.*) I will conclude these remarks by expressing the hope that no cloud will ever dim the sun of our nation's prosperity no war desolate her borders no turmoils disturb her peaceful tranquility no invasion threaten no thunder roll over her head that with untrammelled feet she may march through the paths of futurity her head proudly erect her weapons glittering her robes gracefully floating in the breeze of liberty to soar ever upward and onward borne aloft by the patriotism of her sons spurred to future conquests by the loveliness of her daughters stimulated by the memory of the past boiling over with the glories of the present to make in the future a still greater—

Frank. (*Rushing at JULIUS.*) Stop!

Claude. (*Putting his hand over JULIUS' mouth.*) You will never get done at this rate.

Julius. (*Struggling.*) A still greater commotion—

Max. (*Holding Julius.*) Your arms will drop off if you swing them in that way much longer.

Roland. Don't interrupt the speaker.

Julius. (*Shaking himself free.*) You fellows laugh if one stumbles, and stop him if he goes on.

Roland. (*Rising and speaking slowly as before.*) I will close, fellow-citizens, with the hope that the rushing waters of our nation's patriotism may never break the confines of peace.

(All speaking at once with dramatic emphasis and great gesticulation.)

Frank. Fellow-citizens, I rise before you—

Claude. Fellow-patriots, I am conscious of my own—

Max. Ladies and gentlemen, I will tax your—

Julius. Gentlemen, feeling as I do the deficiencies—

Roland. The great American eagle, soaring—

Frank. (Hammering on the table.) Order! order!

(Dead silence.)

Max. Let's each write an oration, and give Frank his choice for his Fourth of July effort.

(All seize pencils and paper and write.)

[*Frost's New Book of Dialogues.*



A WOMEN'S BUSINESS MEETING.

CHARACTERS:

MRS. SMITH,

MISS GREEN,

MRS. BROWN,

MRS. JONES.

MISS FLEMING,

MRS. DELL.

LARGE WOMAN WITH COARSE VOICE.

TALL WOMAN ON BACK SEAT.

If two young men can be induced to assume the role and attire of the two last named characters, it will make them the more conspicuous. They should sit bolt upright, and by their appearance and manner add interest to the scene.

SCENE I. *Pantomime.* MRS. BROWN before the glass tying her bonnet strings preparatory to starting to the meeting. MR. BROWN at wash-tub washing clothes and rocking the cradle with his foot, glancing up timidly and uneasily at Mrs. B. in her preparations. Mrs. B. being ready to go, rocks the cradle, points within as if enjoining special care, shakes her finger threateningly at Mr. B. as if to warn him of conse-

quences in case he neglects his appointed duties, and departs.

[*Exit Mrs. B.*

SCENE II. An assembly room with seats and stand. Stand at left or right of stage with seats facing stand. Besides those who speak in the meeting, the stage should contain as many ladies as can be seated without crowding. (The success of this scene will depend upon the rapidity and animation with which it is performed. It will afford those something to do who have no speech to make, and add to the animation of the scene, to rise and address the President occasionally, sitting again when they find that they are not recognized by her. Also an occasional attempt to pluck down by the shawl or bonnet ribbon some speaker near at hand, who it is thought makes too many speeches, will afford some laughable by-play in the scene.)

Mrs. Smith (rising.) Ladies this meeting needs a president. Now, I'm a rather backward woman, still I'm willing to serve if it is the wish of the meeting. At any rate, I'll take the stand (*moves toward stand*) for the—

Mrs. Jones. You mean you will be president extemporary.

Mrs. S. Pro tempore you mean. As I was saying—

Mrs. B. (rising.) Mrs. Smith, I think you are out of order. Now, I have been in more meetings of this kind than you ever heard of, and I never saw such doings. Now I want to do something for the cause, and I think I could do more as president than in any other

capacity. I'm perfectly willing to serve if it's the wish of this meeting. [Sits.]

Mrs. Del' (scornfully.) She serve. What does she know about business?

Mrs. B. (spitefully.) Maybe I don't wear Alasky diamonds nor cook in silk dresses, but I think I know as much as some that do.

Mrs. S. (rapping on stand.) Ladies, come to order. Whom will you have for president? I nominate—

Mrs. J.: You can't nominate and expectorate the question too.

Mrs. B. I tell you I've been in more meetings of this kind than you ever heard of, and—

Mrs. S. (rapping.) That's enough. Miss Fleming and Mrs. Smith, (that's me) are nominated. How shall we be elected?

Large woman with coarse voice (rising.)—Viver vocer. [Sits.]

Tall woman on back seat (rising.) By exclamation.

[Sits.]

Mrs. S. By acclamation you mean.

Miss Green (rising.) I move by ballot. [Sits.]

Mrs. J. (with a drawl.) I go second.

Mrs. S. Prepare tickets. (Tickets are hastily prepared and distributed excitedly by a couple of ladies, while the others by their rapid gestures, whispers, and putting of head together, appear to be wholly lost to everything but the exceeding interest of the moment, and to be electioneering, each for her favorite candidate, moving from place to place and "button-holing" members. The tickets being distributed, the votes are taken in a hat or bonnet amid much buzzing, and returned

to the stand where they are apparently counted. But little time need be occupied in counting.)

Mrs. S. (very solemnly.) Ladies I see that there are twenty-five women here and forty votes. Most every woman has cast two for herself and one for somebody else. I trust this mistake will not occur again. I would beg leave to suggest that you ballot for the candidates. Ballot again. (They hastily take another ballot as before and return tickets to stand.)

Mrs. S. I'm elected.

Miss Fleming. I rise to a point of order.

Mrs. S. (brusquely.) It makes no difference if you rise to a peck.

Mrs. B. She has no right to count her own votes. There should be a returning board.

Mrs. S. (rapping). Ladies, who is to be your secretary?

Mrs. B. Mrs. President, I've been in more meetings of this kind than you ever heard tell of, and I could do that business if the meeting sees fit —

Mrs. G. The meeting don't see fit.

Large Woman. I rise to a point of order.

Tall Woman on back seat. I move the previous motion.

Miss Fleming. I move to adjourn.

Mrs. J. Motion's out of order.

Mrs. B. An order to adjourn is always in motion.

Mrs. S. (savagely.) So is your tongue.

Large Woman. I move to lay it on the table.

Tall Woman. I'm going home.

[Leaves.]

Mrs. D. So am I.

[Goes.]

Miss Fleming. And so am I.

[Exit Miss F.]

Curtain falls with all leaving, except the President, who raps in vain for order.)

SCENE III. *Pantomime.* Mr. B. with newspaper in hand and smoking pipe or cigar, sits with feet propped on table enjoying himself. Cradle and wash-tub standing neglected. Mrs. B. at the door takes in the situation, unseen by Mr. B. Her indignation is very great. Shaking head and fist menacingly toward him, she withdraws and returns armed with broom-stick. She almost reaches him, when, looking over shoulder he sees her, springs up, and in his endeavors to escape, turns over both tub and cradle, while she, pursuing, strikes right and left.

Curtain drops in general hubbub.

BOARDING-SCHOOL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

CHARACTERS:

MR. GRANVILLE, *a schoolmaster.*

MR. HOPEFUL, *a country gentleman who has two daughters at MR. GRANVILLE'S school. He is dressed in old fashions, with a long pigeon-tailed blue coat, a tall, white, shaggy beaver hat, and homespun pants. Has on long leggings reaching above his knees.*

MISSES BETTIE and MARTHA HOPEFUL *daughters of the preceding, at MR. GRANVILLE'S school. They are both dressed in the latest fashions.*

SCENE I. (*Interior of the girls' room at boarding-school. A large bandbox stands on the table. Enter MARTHA and BETTIE HOPEFUL, arm in arm*)

Bettie. I am so anxious to see our new bonnets! I wish Miss Caroline would make haste and send them. (*Observing the bandbox.*) La, here they are! It must have come while we were out. (*Both run to the bandbox while she speaks and each takes out a bonnet.*) Oh! how handsome! This is mine! It is a perfect beauty!

Martha. And this is mine. How lovely! (*Putting*

it on.) Don't you think this is very becoming to me? Pink* is always my color.

(*Each having put on her bonnet, they make for the mirror at the same time and come in collision.*)

Bettie. Why Martha, do let me look a minute. You hurry to the glass as if you never saw yourself before in your life.

Martha. I want to see as well as you. Oh, ain't this lovely—beautiful—exquisite! (*Admiring herself before the glass with many airs.*)

Bettie. 'Tis very well, but mine is the sweetest. (*Gently elbowing her sister from the glass.*) Let me look a minute.

Martha. Who would have thought that Miss Caroline could put up such pretty ones? They look like they were just from Paris. How delicately the various shades intermingle!

Bettie. Yes, she has great taste. Did you never notice how artistically she always dresses? How gracefully she fixes her hair and with what elegant taste are her head-dresses arranged!

Martha. I always admire her dress. (*Looking in the sandbox.*) But here are our head-dresses also. (*Both take off their bonnets hurriedly.*) La! Bettie, won't these be nice to wear to Mrs. Sontag's party Friday night! (*Putting on one.*)

Bettie. Lovely indeed! They are perfectly *au fait!* (*Also putting on a head-dress.*)

Martha. I expect to have a lovely time. I'll capti-

*Or such other color as ~~was~~ suit the party and prove most convenient to the actor.

vate all the young men with my beauty. (*Parading herself before the glass.*)

Bettie. The Captain will be there, and (*teasingly.*) I reckon a little friend of yours by the name of Charley will be there too.

Martha (Blushing.) And why did you not say *Horace* too? I know he admires you.

Bettie. Do you really think so? He is the handsomest young gentleman I ever saw in my life.

Martha. Bettie have you got any pretty sayings written off for that occasion?

Bettie. Yes, I have a few (*pulling out a little blank book;*) yet I want to fix up something more before that time. Here they are in my memorandum book. (*Begins to read:*)

1st. Salute the madam at the door with "Bon soi, madamoiselle. I am delighted to see you.

2d. Speak French as often as possible.

3d. To stir my tea a long time, that I may say to my next neighbor, "I like to have all the component parts of my beverage both saturated and coagulated."

Martha. Beautiful! Magnificent!

Bettie. 4th. Fan myself often, that I may say "How sweetly the zephyrs of Boreas temper the heat of Phœbus."

Martha. Oh my! how charming!

Bettie. 5th. To tell how Joe Jones spit on the light-wood knot and left himself and Miss Mary Stallings in the dark.

Martha. La! why didn't I think of some good literary anecdote? I believe I'll tell how he skinned the

cat, and how cousin Keziah caught Pete in her Christmas bag. But, go on, I'm charmed.

Bettie. 6th. To tell the tale of the man who ran his nose against a lamp-post, and, half-stunned by the blow, cried out, "What is that?" "*That* is a conjunction," said a school-boy who was passing by.

This is all I have yet. No, I have one more. If any young man dares to smoke in my presence, I will say to him, that the astumigation arising from your tobaccoconistic reservoir, so overshadows the organistic power of our ocular, and so obflustrates our atmospheric validity, that our apparel must shortly be obluned, unless through the abundant suavity of your eminent politeness, you will disembogue the aluminous tube of the stimulating and sternutatory ingredient that replenishes its concavity."

Martha. Oh, my! how lovely! 'Tis charming!

Bettie. Now read what you have.

Martha (*Reading from her memorandum book.*) 1st. I will congratulate the bride thus: "May heavenly blessings continually descend upon your consummated union; may happiness reside forever in your household and prosperity abound with fruitfulness, honor, wealth and riches."

Bettie. It's a wonder I did not think of that. 'Tis *so* apropos.

Martha. 2d. Be sure to speak of the mirror as the "Counselor of the Graces."

3d. If a chair is needed, ask some gentleman to "approximate hither the sedentary aids of conversational intercourse."

Bettie. Oh, my! how very instructing!

Martha. 4th. If asked to sing or play, declare I do

not sing, nor have I touched a piano for more than a month, and only yield after strong solicitation. On every occasion express unbounded admiration for music, flowers and pets of every sort.

5th. If anything is admired, declare it is the prettiest and sweetest little thing I ever saw in *all* my life.

6th. And, lastly, should any one mention in my presence the vulgar word "eat," I will chide him and give him the proper definition: "To insert nutritious pabulum into the denticulated orifice below the nasal protuberance; which, being masticated, peregrinates through the cartilaginous cavities of the larynx, and is finally domiciliated in the receptacle for digested particles."

Bettie. 'Tis so magnificent! 'Tis really surprising that one person could get up so much and so elegant, too. How long have you been at it?

Martha. Not much over a month.

Bettie. La, my! I have been adding to mine ever since before I started to school.

Martha. But, come, it is time for us to take our walk before Mr. Granville comes out of the school-room, or he will send that fussy wife of his with us. I have not practiced yet.

Bettie. And I have not written off the answers to my to-morrow's lessons. (*Takes off her head-dress.*) Let's put on our bonnets and be off at once, or I may not have time to slip my letter in the post-office. Don't you think it is the *nicest little* post-office in *all* the world?

Martha. Yes; I first made it. When I first fixed the two rocks and put my first letter between them, I

felt like somebody was watching me; but I have gotten so used to it now that I feel certain it is strictly private, and no one but my dear Charley or your friend Horace will ever see them. I am expecting a letter this evening. Come, let's go.

(*By this time both have on their bonnets and leave the stage arm-in-arm, singing "Ever of Thee," or some sentimental piece at the top of their voices.*)

SCENE II. *Interior of the school-room. Mr. GRANVILLE sits reading a newspaper, with a pipe in his mouth. A noise is heard without. Enter Mr. HOPEFUL.)*

Mr. Hopeful. Hallo! who keeps this house?

Mr. Granville. (*Looking up and raising his spectacles.*) Why, how do you do, Mr. Hopeful? I am indeed rejoiced to see you. I have been expecting you for some time. The girls, too, are expecting your arrival with that bright expectation so common to young persons.

Mr. H. I hope the gals are well, but as for bright expectations I don't want them to be looking forward into the future at all. Are the gals learning well?

Mr. G. Quite well. They are both making rapid progress, especially in music. They have great musical talent.

Mr. H. I don't care a picayune for all their piannies and fandangle singing. I had much rather hear them play a long winded tune on Polly's loom or flax wheel than all the hop-and-go-fetch-it dancing songs a-going.

Mr. G. I propose to start them in Latin and algebra soon.

Mr. H. Well, I don't know about that. Will it teach them how to bake a pone of bread, spin a brooch or darn a stocking? I reckon if it does I and the old woman can spare them a little longer.

Mr. G. You see sir, that is not exactly in my line of teaching, yet what I learn them is of a far more useful character. I teach them the beauties of language and of thought as well as the cultivation of the faculties of the mind, which will grant them lasting happiness as long as they live.

Mr. H. But, Mr. Granville, are you particular with them? You know I don't want them to see any company.

Mr. G. I understand you, sir. I never permit them *to see* any gentlemen at all, much less *to speak* with them. My wife goes with them whenever they walk out or go shopping, and I never permit them to go to church unless they promise not to *look at*, much less *think about* the young men.

Mr. H. I have confidence in you, and knowing they are under your watchful eye, I feel perfectly contented. I hope they are learning fast. But I have not seen them yet. I want to see them and hear how they are progressing.

Mr. G. If it is your desire I shall examine them some on grammar for you. Pray excuse me for one moment and I will inform them of your arrival and bring them to see you. [Exit.]

Mr. H. (Solus.) Well, I am monstrous glad the gals are larning. I feared they could never learn any

thing. I wouldn't have sent them here but for getting them from home where they could not see any young men, for I really believe when a young gal gets love and marrying in her head, she is sure to turn fool, and have no more sense than a blind goose. I thank my stars that I have found so secure a place to keep them, or I do believe they would have run off with those Bennett boys who *would* talk love to them and turn their heads. But, here they come, How spruce they look—just out of the bandbox. I am afraid they are thinking about the boys yet.

(Enter Mr. G. *in advance.*)

Mr. G. Here they are. I met them returning from a walk, and they came at once to see you.

Mr. H. How d'ye, gals. [Shaking hands and eyeing them closely.]

Bettie. I am so glad to see you papa!

Martha. Why did you not bring mother with you? We want to see her *so* much.

Mr. H. I see you will dress in spite of me. You will spend all my money for fandangles. And you both have got new bonnets again!

Bettie. Yes, sir, our old ones were so much out of fashion that we were obliged to get new ones.

Mr. H. Fudge; nonsense! Fashion! Who cares for fashion? You are too highfalutin. Why, just to think of it! Neither one of your bonnets had a hole in it. 'Tain't been more nor five years since both of you had spang bran new bonnets before, and I calculated they would last at least twice as long. Fashion! Lackaday! your mother has been wearing her bonnet ever since before you were born, and it is a good bonnet yet.

Mr. G. I think, sir, it was your request that I should examine the girls for you. I have the grammar in my hand and if you like I will examine them before I leave them with you.

Mr. H. Yes, sir, I will listen. Go on with it. Now gals, don't be excited because I am here.

Mr. G. I will commence near the first. Bettie, what is a *noun*?

Bettie. A name of any thing; as John, man.

Mr. G. What is a common noun?

Martha. A name common to all individuals of the same sort; as, a boy, a man.

Mr. H. (Aside.) Why, the plaguey gals don't talk about nothing but boys and men.

Mr. G. What is a proper noun?

Bettie. The names of individuals; as, John, Charles, Horace.

Mr. H. (Aside.) There it is again!

Mr. G. What is the rule for the agreement of adjectives?

Martha. Adjectives agree with their nouns in gender, number and case; as, Charles is a handsome man.

Mr. H. (Aside.) Worse and worse.

Mr. G. (To Mr. H.) As the verb is the most important part of speech, I will now turn to it.

Bettie, give me the present indicative active of the verb 'Love.'

Bettie. First person I love, Plural, we love,
Second " you love, " you love,
Third " he loves, " they love.

Mr. H. (Aside.) You do, hah? pretty thing! and he

loves too. I shall have to look into this matter. It is getting too serious.

Mr. G. Martha give me the passive of the same.

Martha. First person, I am loved,

Second " you are loved,

Third " he is loved.

Plural, First " we are loved,

Second " you are loved,

Third " they are loved.

Mr. H. You are you say! Look here, Mr. Schoolmaster, I didn't send my daughters here to *love* and *be loved*. Pretty time of day! and you permit them to say so in your presence, too. (*The girls are much amused.*) You think it is very fine, do you? Laughing about it hah!

Mr. G. Come girls, you must keep quiet, Why, my good friend, you misunderstand it. This is the verb given in the *paradigm*. I hope you will listen till they get through. There is no harm in it.

Mr. H. Well, sir, go on. (*Aside*). If I ain't got much education I know love is love for all that, whether it is in the *paradigm* or paradise.

Mr. G. Give the imperfect indicative active and passive.

Bettie. First person, I loved,

Second " you loved,

Third " he loved, etc.

Passive, First " I am loved,

Second " you are loved,

Third " he is loved, etc.

Mr. H. (Aside.) You loved and were loved, that is the very reason I sent you from home.

Mr. G. Give me the perfect, Martha.

Martha. First person, I have loved,

Second " you have loved,

Third " he has loved, etc.

Passive, First " I have been loved,

Second " you have been loved,

Third " he has been loved, etc.

Mr. H. (Aside.) I hope it is all over with you too

Mr. G. Present subjunctive active.

Bettie. First person, if I love,

Second " if you love,

Third " if he love, etc.

Mr. H. (Aside.) Suppose you did and what of it?
I'd stop you from school and see what would become
of your loving.

Mr. G. Give me the imperfect potential active and
passive.

..Martha. First person, I might, could, would or
should love.

Second person you might, etc.

Passive. First person, I might, could, would or
should be loved, etc.

Mr. H. (Aside). He might, could, would or should
love, and you might could, would or should be loved!
Blast my neighbors if this is anything but a *love school*,
and I shall have to see to it. What a plague one's
daughters are! I don't know what I *shall* do to keep
them from *loving*.

Mr. G. Give me the future indicative in both voices.

Bettie. First person, I will love,

Second " you will love,

Third " he will love, etc.

Passive. First person I will be loved,
Second " you will be loved,
Third " he will be loved, etc.

Mr. H. You will, hah! "You *will* love!" I'll see about that. "You will be loved" and "he will be loved!" "you will love him," hah! I'll attend to that.

Mr. G. Why, my good sir she is only conjugating the verb.

Mr. H. Yes, and she'll be wanting to be *conjugated* to some man next. I won't hear to it sir. I'll fix *you*, (*to the girls.*) Get your things ready, both of you. "You do love and you are loved." You might, could, would, or should be loved." "You will love and you will be loved." Pretty time of day! I'll lock you up in the garret and see if *I* can't stop this *loving* business. Come on, I say.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*From Beadle's Dime Dialogues, No. 7.*

LEAP YEAR IN THE VILLAGE WITH ONE GENTLEMAN.

Dramatis Personæ:

JEDEDIAH BROWN, A. M., PH. D. B. O.

MATILDA DIX, a fastidious lady

REBECCA BARNABY, a young widow.

FRANCINA BARNABY, a literary lady.

HANNAH STAPLES, a model housekeeper.

ISABELLA SMITH, the village coquette.

The 'elite of
the
village.

ACT I, SCENE I.

Parlor in the house of Matilda Dix.

Matilda [entering with dusters, etc.]

Yes, yes; all is ready; not for a minute

Would I let that raw Irish girl's fingers be in it.

The tables are set and the guests are invited;

Some twenty-five girls I know will feel slighted.

Five ladies in all and there's only one beau,

Though there's only one man that the village can show.

From the minister down to the barber's apprentice,

And the lawyer's poor son who is *non compos mentis*.

I'm sure if another man were in town
I should be most happy, but then Mr. Brown
Is so very pleasant.

Mrs. Dix [behind the scenes.]—Matilda, the tarts need
jelly,
The cookies, the pies and the rounds I've set in the
board.

Matilda. Yes, mother, I hear you. I know all about
them.

Though all want to know him, so far as I see
In one thing we're ahead, we have asked him to tea.
They say he's observing and he can't have the blindness
To pass by unnoticed our evident kindness.

I'll take care of his *future* as well as his *present*,
For kindness I know, is to every one pleasant.
I'm glad he hasn't been asked thro' the town;
I'm sure his first hostess must please Mr. Brown.

Curtain.

SCENE II.

Sitting room at the home of the BARNABY'S. FRANCINA seated, reading. Table covered with books, scattered manuscript on the floor.

Widow B. [entering with an open letter in her hand.] Francina, my dear, the clock has struck six,
It is time you were dressing; you know that Miss Dix
Expects us at seven.

Francina [looking languidly up.] Yes, Webeca, I
know,
But weally, I haven't decided to go.

Widow B. Not go! Mr. Brown will be there, and
I think I shall go,

I wish to discountenance folly and show.

[*Turning to audience FRAN. resumes her reading.*]

They say he is truly a worthy young man;

If virtue can please him I know that I can.

I think joy is fleeting, and fame is a bubble;

I think all things earthly are worry and trouble;

I think that a withering blossom is beauty;

I think one's chief mission is doing one's duty.

All weakness is sin, and I think I can show

That each tempted young person should learn to say
“No,”

And that Virtue on Folly should look with a frown;

Yes, I'll go; I think I shall please Mr. Brown. [*Exit.*]

Francma. Well; since he'll be tha-ah, I think I shall
go.

They say he's well wead, and I'm shu-ah he will
know

What I have enduahed in this village, a denizen
With my passion for poetwy, my worship of Tennyson.
I wondah what style he pwefehs—the Bywonic,
Cold, calm and sewene, or the glowing Miltonic,
All thrilling with feeling, so wild, so delightful;
Perhaps he likes Shelley, but that would be fwightful,
For I haven't wead it. I'll ask if he's seen
Miss Edgeworth's last novel—Miss Muloch's I mean—
I mix up names stwangely—We'll speak of Longfellow.
We'll talk about Shakespeare, (Shakespeare, Shake-
speare—

Who wrote Shakespeare? Well, anyway we'll talk
about Shakespeare.)

The dusty Othello

And his fair Cleopatwah, O, that will be charming!

The day will have moments well worthy embalming.
 I'm shu-ah I shall show by my fine convwasation
 I have moah genewal knowledge, moah weal informa-
 tion

Than all of the other young ladies in town.

Yes; I'll go, and I think I shall please Mr. Brown.

[Exit carrying armful of books.
Curtain.

SCENE III.

MISS SMITH's dressing room. *Jewelbox, rouge, powder, etc. Room in disorder.*

Miss Smith [soliloquizing while completing her toilet].
 Yeth he will be there, and I think I *thall* go,
 And I'll wear my new dreth, that will make a great
 thow;

And my mother will thay I shoud dreth in another,
 But I thay I will wear it in thpite of my mother.
 My mother ith alwayth afraid I thall hurt
 Mitheth Grundy'th opinion of me if I flirt;
 It ith alwath "Oh dear!" though I thcarchely have met
 With a thoul in thith village with whom to coquette;
 But I'll trifle with Brown 'til I meet with another,
 For I thay I will flirt juth in thpite of my mother.
 Let me thee—thith ith *leap year*—I vow I'll propothe;
 Of courthe 'twill be thcandalouth, but nobody knowth
 How weary I am of thi dull, thtupid town;
 For thome fun I'd knock all propriety down;
 And really and truly I don't care a copper
 If people do thay my behavior'th improper.
 But how thall I do it—a bon-bon—a rothe?

No; thome new way, not one that every one knowth.
 I have it! A cute way that' th thure to thuctheed,
 One I found in a book that but few people read.
 My watch hath a picture—I think it will do—
 A neat little cottage with “ just room for two.”
 Aha! Mithter Bwown, you little do know
 Of the mithchief that' th brewing for you when I go!
 O, won't it be fun!—It' th a terrible pity
 That brathelet ith broken; I wan't to look pretty—

[*Looks simpering in the glass, powders etc.*]

For when we are there I very well know
 All the retht will be trying thome graces to thow.
 I'm thure he'll be thocked at Matilda's protheedingth.
 And what will he care for Mith Barnaby' th readingth,
 And her thithter, he! he! he'll think the abthurdest
 And oddest of creatures. But I'll be, let me see—
 What will I be? Oh! I'll be shrinking and modest,
 For I've heard that a gentleman' th hightest felithy,
 Is in mingling with ladieth of charming thimplithy;
 He at leathth thall putheive that I'm quite unathuming,
 Like the daithieth one findth in the meadow landth
 blooming.

And I'll thoftly glanthe up, and I'll meekly look down;
 Yeth, I'll go, and I think I thall pleath Mr. Bwown.

Curtain.

SCENE IV.

Kitchen in Miss STAPLE's house. HANNAH discovered knitting, seated in a straight-backed wooden chair
Hannah. Ya-as, he will be tha-ar, and I think I shall
 gao,
 Tho' rely I scarce have the time to besta-ow;

But I'll take my work with me. They say he is sensible,

And all idleness surely he'll deem reprehensible.

The others may keep their hands folded while chatting;
I work while I talk, and get on with my knitting;
For tho' they may flirt with the gay while they're tarrying,

The woman a gentleman looks for in marrying
Is not one that merely can dance and embroider,
But a woman to keep the whole household in order.
Na-ow when I took tea there Miss Barnaby's bread
was as vinegar sour and as heavy as lead;
But my cooking—I'd like to see pie-crust that's lighter,
Or bread that is sweeter or fresher, or whiter;
And I could not keep ca-ount of the ja-oints I have
roasted—

In all household affairs I am thoroughly pa-ested,
And since practical thoughts must awake his attention,
I think it's but fair to myself just to mention
That I know sugar's up and that butter's daown;
Ya-as, I'll go, and I think I shall please Mr. Brown.

Curtain.

SCENE V.

MR. BROWN'S *lodgings*. MR. B. discovered seated in a
rocking chair, feet on back of another chair, coat off;
an open letter in his hand.

Mr. B. [reading.] "Compliments of Miss Matilda
Dix to Mr. Jedediah Brown,

Inviting him to meet the 'elite of the town,
On Wednesday, the 30th inst., at her home;
Hoping that if he kindly should come

She may make his *entree* into village society--
An event in his life of great notoriety
As well as *importance*. And if it be pleasant,
She hopes very much Mr. Brown will be present.
[Repeats.] Compliments of Miss Dix to Mr. Jedediah
Brown;"

Invites me to meet the '*elite* of the town.

Well, they'll be there, and I 'spose I must go
To meet all those folks that I don't care to know--
The '*elite* of the village—so the note tells;
Well, I shouldn't object to the country *belles*.

But see here! this is leap year. The girls do the su-
ing,

So the duece only knows the mischief that's brewing.
“An event of importance”—a deep, dark suggestion.
To marry, or not to marry, that'll be the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the soul to suffer
The jeers and banters of a teasing lover,
Or take arms against a sea of trouble,
And, by proposing, make the evil double.
To court, to marry, to be a batch no more;
And by a marriage say we end the score
of heartaches and the thousand natural ills
That bachelors are heir to. This fills
My mind with joy devout; but that the thought
Of something after marriage being caught,
Puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear
Those ills we have than fly to others there.

[*Tragical Exit.*]

Curtain.

ACT II, SCENE I.

House of Miss Dix. Company assembled. HANNAH

knitting. FRANCINA reading, lap full of books. ISABELLA playing on the piano. WIDOW B. sitting stiffly with arms folded. Knock at the door. Exit Miss DIX. Re-enter, accompanied by MR. BROWN. All smper. ISABELLA rises and comes forward.

Matilda. Mr.—Mr.—Jed-ediah Brown, A. M., Ph. D., B. O., of Jonesville Academy, Jersey. Let me introduce to you Miss Isabella Smith, of our village. [Miss S. makes an elaborate bow.] This is the Widow Barnaby.

Mr. B. [confusedly.] Happy to meet the widow.

Matilda. This is Miss Staples. [Old-fashioned curtsy.] And this is Miss Francina Barnaby.

Francina. Delighted, sir. [Languishing bow.]

[MAT. offers him a chair, and then, becoming confusea, goes to sit in it herself; he sits at the same time. M. recovers herself and gets another chair. All the ludes draw up. FRAN. at his right, HAN. at his left, WIDOW B. behind him. ISABELLA at FRANCINA'S right; MAT. at HAN. left.

Matilda. Pray, sir, do you find yourself comfortably seated?

And do take a fan, this room is so heated.

It's the first time you've mingled in village society,

[*Mr. B. tries to speak.*]

And to meet with a stranger is quite a variety.

Isabella. Yeth, we're so glad you've come just to break the monotony;

Thith place ith good only for studying botany.

I'm terribly thick of thith mitherable town.

I think it ith horrid, don't you, Mr. Bwown?

[*MR. B. tries to speak.*]

Widow B. Not horrid; I think it is wicked to grumble.

I like, for my part, to be thoughtful and humble.
I think it would be a most pleasant community
If people all lived here in quiet and unity.
Since from duty so often we've all of us swerved
It is better, far better, than we have deserved.

[MR. B. tries to speak.]

Hannah. Ya-as, there are some things quite pleasant in living up here;

One's eggs and one's butter are not half so dear
As they are in the cities below us, I'm told;
And then they're much better. Now, Father has sold
A great many eggs at just ninepence a dozen;
Mr. Jones bought them all to send off to his cousin.
And I think that you cannot get milk in the town
Like the milk of the country, don't you, Mr. Brown?

[MR. B. tries to speak.]

Matilda. Is the room light enough? I'm really uncertain;

If it pleases you, sir, I will lift up the curtain.

[*All speak together. MR. B. makes frantic efforts to reply.*]

Francina. I too, like the countwy; 'mid tumult and twaffic

One fails in the city to meet the sewaphic
Melodious bweathings of poetwy; I know
No bliss like communing with Bywon and Poe.
They seem in their genius of fate so defiant;
And then, too, I like the calm measure of Bwyant;
And Milton, that poet all others exceeding;
And Shakespeare I never should weary of weading.

[Picks up each book and hands it to him as she names the author.]

I should love to have seen all these bards of wenown;
For I'm so fond of poetwy, aren't you Mr Bwown?

[MR. B. smiles a hopeless assent, and ISAB. interrupis.
They speak together.]

And, dear Mr. Bwown, I do earnestly hope
You love Homer and Virgil, and Dryden and Pope.

Miss S. [poutingly.] I'm timid; I shrink from the
world'th garish frown,

And I cherith thecluthion; don't you, Mr. Brown?
Still I like the thity. O! ballth are entranting;
I have an abtholute passion for danthing;
But all of latht winter I had to thit waiting,
For there wathn't one beau jutht to take me out thkating;

When I bought my new thkates I wath thuch a great
dunthe

I should really have liked to have tried them jutht onthe.

Francina. Well, I don't care for skating; such noisy
employments

Don't suit me so well as sewener enjoyments;
I like to be bound by some witer's strong fetter—

Widow B. Yes, bound by a novel; 'twere very much
better

If people read less and thought very much more.

Matilda. Mr. Brown, is there not a strong draft
from the door?

[Runs toward the door to close it. All speak at once.]

Francina. Well, I own that I like a good book to
gewuse

Best of all things unless 'tis to quietly muse

O'er the pictuahs that spwing undah Fancy's light
touch, [Exit MAT.]

Though I nevah write poetwy—at least, sir, not much.
[Re-enter MAT., with plate of cakes which she hands to

ISABELLA.]

Isabella. Oh! jumbles! Franthena have thome jum-
bles.

Francina [handing them to MR. B.] "Sweets to the
sweet,"—as—as—Emahson says.

[Throughout the whole MR. B. makes frantic efforts to
speak.]

Hannah. Well, talking of reading, I do not read
much; I'm not fond of rhyme,

And the household affairs take up most of my time.

Isabella. Mithter Bwown [to HAN.] oh, excuthe me.
Are you a relation

Of Mith Bwown that livth down by the Nottingham
thtation?

She's a charming girl, not tho horribly prudent,
And they thay she'th engaged to a Hanover student.

Widow B. I think until people are fairly united
It is well not to say that their vows have been plighted,
For hearts they are fickle, and students at college
Have often more classical learning than knowledge
Of what is becoming. Francina, my dear,
Fray give us a song.

Francina. Oh, Webecca, I feah—

Hem—my cold is so bad—hem—my notes are at home.

Matilda. Yes, give us a song, Miss Barnaby—come.

[Looks at Miss S., who jnmps up and runs to the
piano. F. hastily drops her books into MR. B's
lap, and secures possession of the piano stool.]

MISS S. then takes F's chair next to MR. B.]

Isabella. Mr. Brown, will you eat philopœna with me?

[They eat. The others insist upon his eating with them also, so that all have his arm at once. F. having settled her dress and adjusted her eye-glasses, sings with operatic abandon.

Francina. "Oh, hast thou no feeling
To see me kneeling,
My love revealing,
Day by day.

I'm not engaged to anothah;
I don't want any big bwothah;
Don't go home with anothah
And think no moah of me.
Long days I've been dweawy,
My eyes have been teawy,
My heart has been weawy,
Waiting foh thee.

But I'm not engaged to anothah," etc.

[She turns to MR. B. with a sweet smile which turns into indignation when she sees Miss S. seated beside him. She walks with great dignity to the other chair and sits down on the books. They are crushed. She takes them in her lap, and looks anxiously to see if they are injured.]

Isabella. Franthena, my dear, your thong wath tho charming,

It'lh effect upon me wath really alarming.

Francina [to MR. B.] I weally think that it would be pleasant

If one now and then, in this wearisome pwesent,

Mid people whose hearts are as fwigid as zewo—

[With an indignant glance at Miss S.]

Could meet with some knightly and worshipful hewo.

[All speak together, screaming to make themselves heard; then all stop except Widow B., who continues in a loud, high tone.]

What a withering blossom is beauty!

I think life's chief mission is doing one's du—

[Stops in great confusion as Mr. B. puts his hands over his ears.]

Hannah. I think that these heroes are very unstable;

Isabella. Oh! dear! for a hero I'm tired of waiting; I'm content with a beau that will take me out thkating In winter, and boating, you know, in the thummer—I didn't mean a hint, though, at any new-comer.

Matilda [coming forward with tray.] Mr. Brown.

Oh! young ladies, I owe an apology;

We have some very fine specimens here of geology—

[Gives him the tray. M., I., H. and F. draw their chairs as close to his as possible, to examine the specimens. They completely exclude Widow B.]

Widow B. (indignantly.) As the hours hasten by, I think I shall go;

Will you bring me my wraps in a minute or two?

(All jump to their feet.)

Isabella. And mine too, Matilda, my dear; I've had thuth an evening, I'm glad I came here.

Matilda. 'Tis pleasant to have you, dear ladies, you know;

But since you insist, of course you must go.

(F. gathers up her books.)

Hannah. Let me assist you to bring in the wraps.
(Exeunt.)

Isabella. Pray call on me thome time, my dear Mr. Bwown—

Thome evening thith week.

Francina (interrupting.) Oh! the choir of our town
 Wants a tenah. You sing, do you not, Mr. Brown?

Isabella (interrupting.) We have thplendid thkating.
 You danth, Mr. Bwown?

Francina (interrupting.) At our house on Thursday,
 now, do pway come down,
 The Cicewo-Socwates-Shakspeare-Milton-Bywon Club
 will meet.

Now do come, it's suah to be a litewawy tweat.

*(Re-enter M., carrying Mr. B's. hat, coat and cane,
 followed by H., carrying the ladies' wraps. M.
 drops the hat and cane. F. drops her books and
 picks up the hat. I. secures the cane. H. drops
 the wraps. M. waves them all off.)*

Matilda. Mr. Brown let me help you to put on your coat.

*(WIDOW B. puts on her own wraps. The others
 get hold of the coat and au help him into it. F.
 puts his hat on. I. gives him his cane. Then as
 they all hurry to get on their own wraps, the WID-
 OW marches majestscally forward, takes MR.
 BROWN'S arm, and marches him off with her.)*

Hannah. The Widow Barnaby!

Francina. Webecca!

Curtain.

ACT III, SCENE I.

Home of HANNAH STAPLES. Enter H. followed by

MR. B., who carries her basket, two or three large shawls, etc.

Hannah. Dew take a chair, my dear Mr. Braown; I'm sure you look weary, and ought to sit daown.
(Takes his hat and cane.) As I am not lazy like that Smith girl—the jilt!—

I'll be taking some stitches and finish my quilt. I expect to leave home some time you knaow, And then 'twill be ready for me when I go.

(MR. B. coughs.) Toward a very bad cold you show a disposition;
Let me give you a dose of my own composition.

(Takes bottle and spoon from shelf and pours out a dose. MR. B., with a gesture of disgust, rushes frantically from the stage.)

Well, now! If he isn't gone! so there!
What made him go off so? Dew tell! I declare!

Well, there's no use of wastin' things,
And I'm used to tastin' things.

(Takes the medicine herself.)

Curtain.

SCENE II.

Home of FRANCINA BARNABY. Enter F., followed by MR BROWN, hatless and disheveled, and loaded down with books, which he drops in the middle of the stage.
Fraucina. Do take off youah coat, my deah Mr. Bwown,

Do let me assist you, and pway, sir, sit down.

(Takes his coat and lays it on a chair on the other side of the room. Takes a chair beside him.)

It weally has given me pleasuah exceeding
To learn that you, too, sir, are so fond of weading.

Mr. Brown. Yes, madam, my life would be dreary indeed

If I had not a book now and then, just to read.

Francina. I'm so glad that you think so! You know that some men

Think a lady should not even look at a pen,
But should always be down in the kitchen below,
And know all about how the cooking should go—
Or the *knitting*; I cannot see for my paht,
Why cooking should always be placed above *aht*—
For weading *is* aht.

Mr. Brown. Yes, madam, indeed,
Every young lady should know how to *read*.

Francina. Do let me wead you an extwact, you know,

Fwom Walf Waldo Emahson (MR. B. starts.) Oh, sir, don't go!

Mr. Brown. No, madam, I merely was changing my seat—

Just moving it nearer.

Francina. Oh! isn't he sweet. (*Aside.*)

The extwact is one you have pwobably wead.

My dear Jedediah—Oh, what have I said!

Mr. Bwown. Pway excuse me! So then it is new?

Well, then, Mr. Bwown. I will wead it for you.

(She reads, and while she is reading MR. B. unperceived, rises, and after several ineffectual attempts to reach his coat, without attracting her attention, slips noiselessly from the room, leaving his coat behind him.)

"Life is made up of illusions, and a very common one is the opinion we heah expwessed in ewewy village and town: 'Oh, yes! if I lived in New Yawk, or Boston, or Cambwidge, or Philadelphia, there might be fit soci-
ety. But there are no intewesting young men, no intel-
lectual young women in my town.' Ah! have you yet
to learn that the eye altewing altews all, that wit is a
magnet to find wit, and chawactah to find chawac—"
(Looks up and suddenly discovers that Mr. B. is not ihere.)

Looks behind and under the chairs.)

Stwange!

*(Picks up the overcoat and carefully shakes it out; then
hugs it estatically.)*

Curtain.

SCENE III.

Home of Miss Smith. Enter Miss SMITH arm in arm with MR. BROWN. He is minus hat cane and overcoat. His hair is disheve ed and his necktie awry.

Miss Smith. My dear Mr. Bwown, be theated I pray you;

You are tired with thothe girlth that will never repay you.

I'm thure I'm moth grateful you've brought me tho far—

Hush! hush! I'm afraid Mamma'th door ith ajar.

(Runs to the door and listens.)

We've had thuth an evening! It mutht be quite late.

Mr. Brown. Miss Smith, you're mistaken; 'tis early not ten.

Miss Smith. Your watch mutht be wrong; that'th the way with you men.

You thet it too thlow. See, mine ith eleven.

Mr. Brown. A cottage! a porch! two people! Oh, Heaven!

Miss Smith. Yeth, dear Mr. Bwown, a heaven it might be

If the people you see there could be you and me.

(*Detaining him as he tries to go.*)

Dear Mr. Bwown, why can't it be true?

The girl might be Isabel, the man might be you;

And if we were wedded what blith would be ours?

Mr. Brown (vehemently.) I'd kill myself first, I swear by the powers!

(*He rushes from the stage.*)

Miss Smith. He'th gone, I declare! and made no concession;

I thought I, at leatht would have made some impreth-thion.

I'm doomed! I'm doomed! Oh, what thall I do?

An old maid to dwell, with no suitor to sue!

Mith Thmith on a tombhtone above a low mound.

Will mark out the girl refuthed by Jed. Bwown!

Curtain.

SCENE IV.

MR. BROWN'S lodgings. *He comes staggering in and throws himself into a chair with a groan.*

Mr. Brown. Oh-h! I've reached home at last! I thought I should never!

But, oh! I'm glad of my life? I could stay here for-

Five ladies, I think, to their homes I've escorted.

Perhaps I can tell when my thoughts are assorted.

(*Counting in his fingers.*)

Five ladies in all,—I can count up no more;
But—oh!—I feel as if I'd been home with a score.
And one was domestic, and one was romantic;
And one, she was terribly stiff and pedantic;
And one was exceedingly frisky and antic.
Between them, among them, they've driven me frantic
With their fuss and their gush, and their "Dear Mr
Brown."

Oh! I long for a cool, quiet place to lie down.
This rocking chair's handy; I guess I'll take it.
To think of a thing I scarcely am fit.
This room is pleasant; my landlady's kind;
But I can't live in this place another day,
Though how in the dickens shall I get away?
I'll pitch my lone tent by the waters of Marah!
I'll dwell in the wilds of the sandy Sahara!
I'll join the wild tribes where they'll all overlook me!
I'll go where the sun is so hot it will cook me!
I'll go where the lion and jackal will meet me!
I'll go where the people will sit down and *eat* me!
But *never!* so long as my name is called Brown,
Will I live—the only young man in the town!

Curtain.

[*Elocutionists Annual.*

TOO GREEDY BY HALF.

SCENE.—*A Doctor's Office. Dentist's chair. Lounge. Dentist's Instruments, etc. MIKE, a servant dusting the furniture, etc.*

Mike. [Solus.] Work, work—all the time work. My tin toes is on the trot all day long, from sun up till sun down. Bedad, I've no rest; “no p'ace in this world for the wicked,” that's true enough, not the laste; and the Docthor, my master, don't care a ha'porth whether I ever get any rest or no. My heart is broke, and my [sits] back too. Trot, trot! [Bell rings.] Burn that bell! that sets a body wild intirely. Ring, ring, from morning till night. I think they'll wait this time, anyhow. It would seem a body has nothing to do but be always running to the dure. [Bell rings.] There you go again! If you're in a hurry you'll ring ag'in. [Bell rings.] Tare an' ouns! isn't it too bad?

Doctor. [Within.] Mike!

Mike. Yis, sir.

Doc. Go to the door and see who's ringing the bell.

Mike. Yis, sir; all right, sir. The dickens shoot

you, I say. [Bell rings.]

Doc. Mike!

Mike. Yis, sir; I'm going this blessed minute.

[Exit.]

[Enter DOCTOR.]

Doc. Confound that Irishman! Here he loiters his time, and obliges my patients to stand at the door ringing the bell, while my nerves are all on the stretch.

Mike. [Without.] Yis, sir, this way if you plaze.

[Exit DOCTOR.]

(Enter MIKE, bowing in PATIENT, whose head is tied up.)

Mike. Yis, sir—all right, sir; the Docthor will be wid you immadiately—yis. (PATIENT sits on chair.) You have a big jaw; sure, what ails you?

Patient. A dreadful toothache; it—

Mike. Yis, I see—all right. (Bustles about.) Sit down in that big chair and I'll call him.

(Re-enter MIKE, ushering in DOCTOR.)

Mike. He wants you to pull out his teeth, that's what he wants.

Doctor. Ah, you wish to have a tooth extracted, eh? (PATIENT nods) Mike, hold the gentleman's head.

Mike. All right, sir. (Jumps up on back of chair and holds PATIENT'S head. Aisy, now; keep quiet, do!

Doctor (Opening and looking into PATIENT'S mouth.) Ah, a bad tooth—hard to pull—I shall charge you one dollar for my services.

Patient. Well, well, get it out, and be quick about it. I'm suffering intensely.

Doctor. (Aside.) What a fool! I might have charged two dollars just as well as one. (Examines

tooth again.) Very bad tooth. I shall have to charge you two dollars for the job.

Patient. Two dollars? Well, go ahead. Be quick about it. I'd rather give five dollars than suffer this way much longer.

Doctor (Aside.) Five dollars it shall be! I'll let it ache a little more. (*Examining tooth again.*) I see a slight disposition to concentrated action, here, which undoubtedly will lead to softusion and concretion of the molus demortuis, and by sympathy a strabismetical deflection of the left eye and a concentric convolution of the upper lobe of the metatarsus. If that occurs there will be—

Patient (springing up in chair.) What the deuce do I care about your strabismetical deflection and your metatarsus? Go on with your—

Mike (Pulling him down in chair again.) Will ye be aisy, sir? It's the Docthor as knows what he's doin' an, bedad ye'll have to hear him out wid his illegant disquisition and pheelosophy, that ye will!

Patient. Heavens! How much longer am I to stand this torture? Ough-oo! (*Howls as if with pain.*)

Mike. Be me sowl, Docthor; this is as purthy a case as iver I attinded since I sat on the coroner's jury on the fellow whose jaw ye pulled off and his backbone came up wid it.

Patient. For the love of you mother go on!

Doctor. Five dollars I think you said?

Patient. Five fiends! Yes roast it out; any thing to get out this accursed tooth. Now earn your money!

Doctor. (Taking large pair forceps.) Now lay back.

There, that is right. Now open your jaw—wide—wider—

Mike (Aside.) Bless me sowl, what a mouth!

Doctor. Now, Mike (*adjusting forceps,*) hold on, for this is a double elongated bi-pronged molar, deeply imbricated with the jaw, though its caries has not yet progressed sufficiently to— (*PATIENT twists and sputters.*)

Mike. Be the ten wise men but you're an unreasonable man! How in the worruld is the Docthor to earn his five dollars, bedad, if ye don't kape still?

Docthor. Now, Mike! (*Twists forceps and PATIENT chair and MIKE all roll on the floor together.*)

Mike. Howly murther! (*Jumps astride PATIENT.*) Now, Docthor, we've got him! Show yer skill and muscle while me strength holds out!

DOCTOR again inserts forceps and twists and pulls. PATIENT seizes DOCTOR's wrists and squirms furiously, MIKE shouting, “Hang to it DOCTHOR! Show yer skill! Bedad, this is worth the five dollars!” The tooth at length comes out so suddenly that the DOCTOR tumbles over and the forceps fly off on the stage. MIKE springing off the PATIENT, runs and picks up an immense tooth (a tooth from an ox or horse jaw having been provided) and shows it to audience.

Mike. Be me sowl but this is aggravatin’! Why, Docthor, dear, this is a tin dollar tooth, wid ache enough in it to make a saint wish he wasn’t a saint for a little while, just to express his feelings. (*PATIENT sits up, holding his jaw and feeling the top of his head.*) Arrah now, don’t be afther feeling the top ov yer head, but jist put yer hand in yer pockets and pay the the Doc-

thor *tin* dollars—never a cint less for such a job as this
—(*holding tooth before PATIENT.*)

Patient. Do you mean to tell me that is my tooth?

Mike. If it isn't then yer mother-in-law is yer uncle.

Patient. Why, good heavens, it's as big as an elephant's!

Mike. Thru for ye! and five dollars for pulling such a monster is an insult to the profission of which I'm assistant profissor.

Patient. And that came out of my jaw?

Mike. If it didn't then your next wife will be a widee wid ten childer.

Patient. Impossible!

Doc. Not at all; I've pulled larger ones. If it isn't your tooth I should be ashamed to charge you for this operation.

Mike. Of coarse! It's meself would be for murtherin' the man as would ax five dollars for pullin' somebody else's teeth from your mouth.

Patient. Glad to hear it. Here is the tooth which the Doctor pulled. (*Shows tooth.*) It was left in my mouth. You just keep that tooth for your pay Doctor; and, Mike, do you proceed to murder your master. Good-day! (Exit.)

(DOCTOR and MIKE stare at one another.)

Doc. Fooled!

Mike. Sold!

Doctor You stupid ass!

Mike. You illegant humbug! Purthy business for a gintlemin! I'd rather be Profissor of the Hod, wid the hair stickin' out of the top ov me hat for a sign, than play the part of assistant to the likes of yees, any

longer; so good-day to ye, and may the devil catch ye wid his hot forcips before you are a year older. (*Exit.*)

Doc. Ruined! for this will get out all over town. Go West, young man, go West! I rather guess I will!

(*Exit.*)

[*From Beadle's Dime Dialogues, No. 18.*

THE WAY TO WYNDHAM.

FOR TWO MALES.

[Enter a Boy dressed in a tattered, dirty colored suit an old hat full of holes, a hoe on his shoulder. Enter from other side, a STRANGER.

Stranger. My good boy, can you tell me the way to Wyndham?

Boy. Guess I can! I went with pap there last winter to help drive hogs, and I tell *you*, Mister, we had a fine time of it. Did you ever help drive hogs?

S. No. But will you tell me the way to Wyndham?

B. Anybody about here can tell you that! It's easy enough to know. Just start right, and go by Squire Stout's and you can't go wrong.

S. How far is it to Squire Stout's.

B. I don't know exactly; I never measured it. It depends on *how* you travel. If you walk it is a long ways; if you ride, 'tain't nowhere. If you go on the engine cars you're most there now; and if you go on the telegraph you've been there already.

S. But how far is it?—how many miles?

B. Oh, it's a smart step. But 'tain't near as far as

twas' before they cut the woods down. They called it four miles 'fore they cut the trees down, but the sun has shriveled it up so much *since* that 'tain't more'n tew and a half.

S. Will you be kind enough to tell me the way?

B. That I will. Go 'long down the fence till you get to a pig pen with two sheep in it, and one of 'em is black. The black one belongs to me and the other is brother Sam's. Pap give me my choice because he said I was a good boy and took such good care of my clothes..

S. What's your name, my good fellow?

B. George Jefferson Washington Davis; but mammy calls me Dumpy, for short.

S. Who lives in that house across the creek?

B. We live there. Aunt Sally lives with us. Aunt Sally says she's gwine to knit me a pair of gloves if I'm a good boy.

S. What's your papa's name? What does your mammy call him?

B. Of a Sunday she calls him *Honey* and *Dear*; but when she gets mad at him of a week-day, she calls him Old Tom Jones.

S. Well, Dumpy, I begin to feel an interest in you. Have you any brothers?

B. Lots of 'em, and three sisters.

S. What's your brothers' names?

B. They are all named Bill except Sam and his name is Bob.

S. And what's your sisters' names?

B. Sister Fum. She's next to me. Her name is Virginia Frances Sydneham Martha Robert Fumadid-

dle Cawthorn Cheatham Jones. They call her *Fum* for short. Sister Sally's name is—

S. That will do for the names. What are you doing here?

B. Planting 'taters. You see, it's just right now. It's the dark of the moon, and the moles can't see how to eat them. Pap says if you plant 'em in the light of the moon all the horseheads in Catawampus can't keep the moles off.

S. Do you expect to dig many in the fall?

B. That depends on whether it rains and the hogs don't get to 'em. I 'speck to dig them all.

S. Can you, Mr. Dumpy, give me the directions to Squire Stout's? I must be getting on.

B. Ah, that's the way I like you to call me—*Mister* Dumpy! That's the way Polly Jane calls me. She's the nicest gal in all these parts. The way she can make the knitting-needles fly! She's some at picking wool and stirring apple-butter, too, I tell *you*!

S. Can you give me the directions?

B. I ain't gwine to give you physic, and I ain't got no directions to give neither; but I can tell you the path, for I know it like a book. I have been 'long it to school as many times as there are hairs on a 'possum's tail. I could tell you quicker'n you could say Jack Robertson.

S. Then please tell me.

B. As I started to say: Go along the fence till you get to the hog-pen with sheep in it. Then take the pig-pen on your back and go on till you get to Aunt Sally's turkey-nest. But don't scare her off. She's setting. She's got sixteen goose-eggs under her. Aunt

Sally promised when the young turkeys are grown she'll sell one of 'em and buy me a bran new hat for Sunday.

S. Which way must I go then?

B. Take the turkey-nest on your left shoulder, get over the fence, go along down through the woods, and you will see in the middle of a yellow-looking cornfield a little white house painted brown, with red palings around it. It's got blue blinds, too. Uncle John lives there. Uncle John had a horse died last week. He took sick, and got so poor and weak, it took two horses to help him draw his last breath.

S. Which way do you go then?

B. The first house you come to is a haystack. Squire Stout don't live there. The next house you come to is a tobacco-barn. He don't live there neither. You take the road then and carry it up a hill and across a branch, and yew'l see a house tew foot one way and twelve foot t'other, thatched with straw. That's the school-house. Mr. Crackemhard teaches school there. He's a mighty l'arned man. He smokes like a tar-kiln and wallops the boys like forty. I tell you what, Misster, I've had a many a good time playing "cat" and "pulling over hats." We boys turned old Pus out one day. He swore he'd whip somebody and then went away. He's see'd a living lion and a elephant too. When he went to New York he see'd Mr. Barning and his monkeys. He went to Mr. Linkum's tavern too when he come through Washington, and see'd lots of fine women there with hoops as big around as a hogshead, and great long coat tails that swept the ground as clean as my hand. He's a monstrous fine man!

S. Which way must I go from the school-house to get to Squire Stout's?

B. (*Starting off with his hoe.*) Good-by Mister. You must ask Mr. Crackemhard at the school-house. Yonder comes pap, and he'll wallop me well if he catches me standing here doing nothing. [Exit.

[*From Beadles Dime Dialogues, No. 7*



LITTLE FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.

VACATION FUN.

Some Boys and Girls are talking together. LITTLE GRANDMOTHER sits off at one side knitting, and commenting in an aside, as they speak, but not interrupting them.

Archie. Boys and girls, vacation is coming,

H.W. And now let's all of us say

Where we would go and what we would see,

If things could be as they ought to be,

And boys and girls had their own way.

Grandmother. "Had their own way!" 'Tis my belief

In a very short time they'd come to grief.

Shelton. Oh, Archie! I wouldn't take long to decide;

I'd build a beautiful boat;

To the Northern Polar Sea I'd sail,

And catch the walrus and seal and whale,

And that would be fun afloat!

Grand. In his beautiful boat he'd have a mess
With walrus and seal and whale, I guess.

D. Ethel. Now, Shelton, I'd choose something better than
that;

Up the Amazon I'd run,
Where parrots chatter and monkeys swing,
And bright little humming-birds flit and sing,
And oh, wouldn't that be fun!

Grand. Now hear the child talk! It makes me smile,
Nice dinner she'd make for a crocodile!

Gerty. Oh, Ethel! See how you like my plan,—
I'll have a seal-skin dress,
Then up to the Hudson Bay I'll go
To the queer snow-huts of the Esquimaux,
And that will be fun I guess!

Grand. Has that girl forgotten, do you suppose,
It is cold enough there to freeze her nose?

Lulu. I can tell you a trip worth two of that,
Nor half so cold and rough;
For a girl of my studious disposition,
In a trip to the Paris Exposition
Of fun there would be enough.

Grand. Poor thing! half frightened to death she'd be
Before she was half-way over the sea!

Robbie. Now, Lulu, to China, the land of tea,

I make up my mind to go;
Where they have such queer little slanting
eyes,
And sell young rats and puppies for pies,—
And that must be fun, you know.

Grand. (*Turning to them.*)

Well! well! it seems you would each forsake
The land I jolliest call.
Better sail your boats in the Yankee rills;
Better chase for sport over Yankee hills;
That will be the best fun of all.

All. Little grandmother's right! three cheers for
you!

Your way is the wisest one.
Wherever we go she shall lead the van,
She shall march this way,—now see our plan,
And isn't this jolly fun!
Yes, isn't this jolly fun!

(*Two boys take LITTLE GRANDMOTHER between them, in little arm-chair, and carry her off the stage, the rest following.*

[*New England Journal of Education.*

THE SECRET.

Let two very little girls be dressed in long, straight skirts tucked near the bottom, cambric caps set on top of heads, and handkerchiefs folded over shoulders and breasts to represent old-fashioned ladies, be seated on low stools facing each other, one with finger raised as if enjoining secrecy, the other with elbows resting on knees, and hands raised as if expressive of horror.

First Girl. What do you think?

Second Girl. I'm sure I don't know.

First Girl. Don't tell anybody.

Second Girl. No, no, no!



AN INTERRUPTED RECITATION.



A RHYMING DIALOGUE FOR A BOY ABOUT
TWELVE YEARS OLD AND A
GIRL OF TEN.



Little Girl (comes forward, curtsys.) Ladies and gentlemen: Allow me to offer you the sincere thanks of our teachers and ourselves for your presence here on this occasion. I would like to express my feelings—

Boy (in audience.) Do you mean Adams' Express?

Little Girl. I will thank you, whoever you are, to remain quiet and not interrupt me. (*To audience.*) I would like to express my—

Boy (In audience.) Didn't I ask if you mean Adams' Express?

Little Girl. You may think that it is very witty, but I think it is very impolite.

Boy (Rises, runs down aisle and jumps on stage—approaches little girl.) Indeed it is not impolite. I noticed your embarrassment, and (*turns to audience*)

I'm sure the ladies all will say,

Who see us here to-night,

A boy should always help a girl

Who is in a sorry plight.

Little Girl (Indignant.)

I thank you sir—you do mistake—

I'm in no sorry plight,

But just as able as *you* are

To make a speech to-night.

Boy. (With much gallantry.)

Excuse me! But I really thought,

When on the stage you came,

That you were scared so bad your speech

Would turn out poor and tame.

Little Girl. (indignant.)

You thought—oh, yes, of course you did!—

That I was “scared,” because

I did not bellow out my speech

Like you great noisy boys!

One thing—young as I am—I know

Wisdom is ever found
 In quiet, noiseless words of *sense*,
 And not in blustering *sound*!

Boy. (*Runs fingers through his hair.*)
 I will "own up"—upon my word,
 I am completely sold,
 For you can make a first-rate speech,
 (*Lowers voice. Aside.*)
 And you can also scold.

(*To little girl.*)
 I take back every word I said;
 Now let us good friends be.
 That you have beaten me "out square"
 This audience will agree.

Little Girl. (*Advances, smiles.*)
 Well! since you're frank enough to take
 Your saucy words all back,
 I will be generous, and say,
 You do not honor lack.
 It is not every boy who'll own
 A girl can beat him square.

Boy. (*Mischievously.*)
 But then a boy might kiss a girl.

Little Girl (*Puts arms akimbo, plants her foot firmly.*)
 Just try it if you dare!

The above will, if properly managed as (the saying goes) bring down the house. A manly, frank outspoken boy, with fearless manner, should be chosen for the part of Boy; while a spirited girl, with bright, laughing eyes, should perform the girl's part.

Very much depends upon the gestures, and no teacher ought to attempt this recitation without rehearsal

after rehearsal, as any delay would make the dialogue ridiculous.

In the very last verse the boy must approach the girl playfully as he says, half imploringly, "But then a boy might *kiss* a girl;" as he utters the last syllable, the girl must recede a step, throw up her chin, and, with a look of maidenly defiance, say, with scornful emphasis:

"Just try it if you DARE!"

and if acted to the life, the audience will be certain to encore.

The first interruption can be arranged so as to take the spectators by surprise.—*Kavanaugh's Juvenile Speaker.*



HOW HE HAD HIM.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS AND ONE GIRL.

First boy must be dressed like an old man, wearing glasses, seated near a table reading his newspaper, representing the father of Second Boy, who enters, dressed in the extreme of fashion—stove-pipe hat, kid gloves, etc., etc.

Second Boy (enters, looks dubiously at First Boy, who is absorbed reading; twists hat over left hand with right; stands a little behind first boy.)

Papa, I'd like to have some change,
I'm going with Miss Brown
To the theatre. 'Twill be **late**,
She lives so far up town.

First Boy continues to read, oblivious to all but the paper.

Second Boy. Please—h-e-m! pray did you hear me.
sir?

I want some money down;

It's (*looks at watch*) nearly seven, and ~~at~~
eight
I've got to meet Miss Brown.

First Boy. (*turns suddenly; looks sternly at Second Boy.*)

Do you know, sir, when *I* was young,
Boys had no cash to spend?
(*Turns to paper.*)

No, no! I give no more to you;
On *that* you may depend.

Second Boy. (*turns hat faster.*)

But, pa, I sent Miss Brown my card;
(*Aside.*)

What *will* she think! Oh, dear!
(*To First Boy.*)

I'm sure you do not want your son
A ninny to appear.

First Boy. (*looks from under spectacles.*)

I want my son to go to work,
As *I* did at his age;
And when you've earned enough, then go,
And company engage.

Second Boy. (*crestfallen.*)

But, pa, the lady's waiting now
To go to Union Square;
It looks so mean! (*Aside.*) Oh, dear! oh,
dear! (Looks at watch.)
It's time I was there.

First Boy. Be off! it's useless. Why, just think!

When I was young, like you,
 I never had a dime to spend—
 By dad, sir, this is true!

Second Boy. (conciliatory.)

I do not doubt it, pa, but times
 Have changed since then, you know.
 Young men are now expected, sir,
 To pay up as they go.
 Just let me have a single V,
 It's all I need to-night;
 And, if I live upon my word,
 Some day I'll make it right.

First Boy. Humph! "make it right" the same old song
 Since first you went to school.
 You think that money grows on trees—
 No, no! I'm not a fool!

Second Boy. (draws closer to First Boy.)

You surely have forgotten, pa,
 The time you came home ti—

First Boy. (Bounces up catches Second Boy's arm looks around alarmed.)
 Hush! There's your mamma outside, boy!
 Don't speak about that night.

Puts hand in pocket, takes out bill, crams it in Second Boy's hand.

Here is a V; take it and go!

(As Second Boy exits.)

But mind, it is the last.

(Exit Second Boy laughing.)

(*Looks toward entrance.*) I thought the chap had long forgot

That night now gone and past.

Enter Girl dressed as First Boy's wife.

(*Winks knowingly at girl.*) You see, my dear I give him "rope;"

Boys will be boys, you know.

When he has sowed all his wild oats—

Like we—he will go slow!

As First Boy says "like we," he nudges Girl as a husband when he wishes, (as the saying is,) to pull the wool over his wife's eyes.

This dialogue will require many rehearsals, and, if performed with spirit will be very amusing. The characters must be dressed so that the audience cannot mistake the relations of father and son.—*Kavanaugh's Juvenile Speaker.*

THE OLD MAID.

RECITATION FOR A GIRL.

When I was a maiden eighteen years old,
I was scornful as scornful could be;
I was taught to expect wit, wisdom and gold,
And that naught else would do for me.

Oh! those were the days when my eyes were so bright,
And my cheek like the rose on the tree;
And the ringlets they curl'd on forehead so white,
And lovers came courting me.

The first was a lad any girl might adore—
He was ardent as lover could be;
But my mother had heard that the young man was *poor!*
Why, *he* would *never* do for me!

The next was a dandy who drove four-in-hand,
Reduced to a gig. Do you see?
Driving o'er the ground, he had run through his land,
So that *he* would *never* do for me!

Next came a lawyer, his claims to support
By precedent and chancery;

But I told him I was judge in my own little court,
So that *he* would *never* do for me!

I had a suitor from the North, and another from the
West,

I think from the State of Tennessee;
But one was rather old, and the other meanly dressed,
So that neither of *them* suited me!

These were nearly the last; I was then *forty-four*—
I am now just fifty-three;
And I think some of those I neglected before
Would *now* do *very* well for me.

Come, all you young maidens, by me warning take,
If scornful you chance to be,
Lest you from your fond, silly dreams should awake
Old maidens of fifty-three.

[*Kavanaugh's Juvenile Speaker.*

The Old Bachelor and the Old Maid are capital humorous speeches for an exhibition. The boy and girl who recite them should be dressed in character. With the facilities that are now obtained, the "make-up," of each of these characters can be rendered very amusing. For the instructions in regard to making a young face appear old upon the stage, see chapter at close of this book.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

RECITATION FOR A BOY.

When I was a school-boy, aged ten,
A very little Greek I knew.
I wore striped trousers now and then,
And stripes upon my jacket, too.
When I saw other boys to the play-ground run
I threw my old grammar by;
I laughed at the task I had scarce begun,
“There’ll be time enough for that,” said I.

I was just nineteen when I first fell in love,
And I scribbled a great deal of rhyme;
I talked to myself in a shady grove
Till I thought I was quite sublime.
I was torn from my love! ’Twas a terrible blow!
And the lady she wiped her eye;
But ’twill never do to die of grief, you know—
“There’ll be time enough for that,” said I.

I next fell in love with a girl whose face
Was a fortune both bright and fair;
She spoke with an air of enchanting grace,
But a man cannot live on air;

For when poverty enters the door, young Love
Will out through the window fly.

The truth of the proverb I had no wish to try—

“There’ll be time enough for that,” said I.

The next was a lady that loved romance;

She wrote many splendid things.

She said with a sneer, when I asked her to dance,

“SIR! I ride upon a horse with wings!”

There was ink on her thumb when I kissed her hand,

And she whispered, “If you die—

I’ll write you an epitaph, gloomy and grand.”

“There’ll be time enough for that,” said I.

I left her, and sported my figure and face

At party, opera and ball;

I met pretty girls at every place,

But I found a defect in all.

The one didn’t suit me, I cannot tell how;

The others, I cannot tell why;

The third! oh, bless me! I cannot marry now—

“There’ll be time enough for that,” said I.

I looked in the glass and I thought I could trace

A sort of a wrinkle or two,

So I made up my mind to make up my face,

And come out as good as new;

To my hair I imparted a little more jet,

But I scarce could suppress a sigh,

I cannot be an old bachelor yet—

“There’ll be time enough for that by and by

I was just fifty-one, but I still did adopt

All the airs of a juvenile beau;

Yet, somehow, whenever the question I popped,
The girls, with a laugh, said "No."
I am sixty to-day—not a very young man,
And a bachelor doom'd to die;
So, youth, be advised, and marry if you can—
"There's no time to be lost," say I.

[*Kavanaugh's Juvenile Speaker*



LITTLE MISCHIEF.

FOR ONE VERY LITTLE GIRL TO SPEAK ALONE.

How d'ye do, big folks? I've come to say
What I've been doing all the long day.
Mamma went out and left me here
To be good and play, like a little dear.
Now I ask you all, did you ever know
Any little girl to be left just so,
That was good and played like a little dear?
For I can tell you she don't live here!
To be sure I was pretty good for a while;
I guess mamma must have gone half a mile,
Before I got tired, and looked around
To see if some new play couldn't be found.
I climbed on a chair and looked in the glass,
And saw there a pretty blue-eyed lass;
So I tried on mamma's new hat and shawl

And a pair of gold bracelets, took her parasol,
And was walking about, when I hit my toe
And fell on the floor. And then, do you know,
One of the bracelets gave a crack
And broke in two, and mamma's new hat.
Was mashed as flat as a buckwheat cake!
And what did that old shawl do but take
And tear in the middle, while the parasol
Just snapped in two! And that wasn't all!
For, just as I fell, the bureau cover
Was right in my hand, and it came over!
Scent bottles, brushes, combs and mug,
Went down in a heap on the bran new rug.
And I know mamma'll find when she comes home,
All the room smelling of her Cologne!
As I was too little to clear it away,
I went down, then, in the hall to play;
And dolly's head—that is hard, you know—
Right through the glass door did somehow go;
I really couldn't see how it was done,
But it broke the glass and spoiled all my fun.
Then I was hungry and went down stairs
For some bread and butter, and some stewed pears;
But Jane was too busy to wait on me,
So I went to the pantry in order to see
What I could find that was good to eat!
Nobody there! So I had a treat!
Preserves and cake, and two kinds of pie,
Sugar, and biscuit, and jelly, had I.
I ate till I could not eat any more,
And only broke one plate on the floor.
I was just as sticky as I could be,

So I went in the bath-room to wash, you see,
And somehow the spigot got twisted so,
It wouldn't stop running, and so, you know,
The floor was all in a horrid slop,
When Jane came up and made it stop.
Then she scrubbed me till I was red as a rose,
And brushed my hair and changed my clothes,
And told me mamma would "see to me"
When she came home, and that will be
I 'a little while! And I think—don't you?—
There is plenty to "see to!" What would you do?
I'm afraid to stir, for there'll something break
If I move a finger or even shake
My curly head so! So I guess I'll sit
Right here till mamma comes, and not move a bit.

[*Holmes' Dialogues for Little Folks.*



A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

CLARA.

LILLA.

CLARA sits and sews. Enter LILLA with hat and sack on. In the seam of her dress is a very small tear.

Clara. Why, Lilla, I did not know you were going out to-day!

Lilla. I did not know it till mamma called me a few minutes ago.

Clara. Where are you going?

Lilla. To have a fine time!

Clara. Where?

Lilla. At the fair.

Clara. Oh, Lilla! Is mamma going?

Lilla. No; Mrs. Grant sent for me.

Clara. To go with Maud?

Lilla. Yes. We are to stay all the rest of the day and evening.

Clara. You will have a nice time.

Lilla. We are all to start from Mrs. Grant's at three o'clock.

Clara. You have just time to walk there, then.

Lilla. Yes; I must go, for Mrs. Grant sent word that if I was not there by three, she would know I could not come.

Clara. Good bye, then! I hope you will have a good time!

Lilla. Thank you. Good bye! (*Starts to go.*)

Clara. Stop, Lilla! There is a tear in the side of your dress!

Lilla. Yes, I saw it. But it is so small, no one will see it.

Clara. It is so small, it will take but a short time to mend it.

Lilla. Oh, I cannot stop now!

Clara. I would. Stand still, and I will mend it for you.

Lilla. No, no! It will make me late. (*Goes out.*)

Clara. I am quite sure mamma did not see that tear,

or she would have made Lilla stop to mend it. It is so small, may be no one else will see it. But I must finish my work. (*Sews.*) I hope Lilla will have a nice time.

Enter LILLA. She holds up her dress which has a long tear in the skirt.

Clara. Why, Lilla! Back again?

Lilla. (*Showing dress.*) Oh, Clara! Just look at this long tear in my dress!

Clara. What a pity!

Lilla. I cannot go into the street this way!

Clara. How did you tear it so badly?

Lilla. Just at the gate. There is a nail there that I did not see, and it caught on the little tear in my dress and made this long rent.

Clara. I have a needle and thread here. Shall I mend it for you?

Lilla. Oh, please do! (*CLARA sews the dress as they talk.*

Clara. If you had mended the tiny tear, Lilla, it would not have caught in the nail, and so made this long one that will be so much worse to sew up.

Lilla. I know. I thought that tiny place would not show, and I was in such a hurry that I did not want to take the time to mend it. I wish now I had taken that little time and saved this long one.

Clara. It is a long rent.

Lilla. Please hurry, Clara!

Clara. I sew as fast as I can.

Lilla. It is nearly three!

Clara. I shall soon be done.

Lilla. Oh, if the Grants should start and leave me here.

Clara. That would be too bad!

Lilla. Would it not?

Clara. Why did you not change your dress when you saw the tear in this one?

Lilla. This is the only white one that is clean, and white is so nice to wear at the fair.

Clara. Yes. Do keep still, dear!

Lilla. Are you nearly done?

Clara. Nearly. It will look mussed, but it will be whole.

Lilla. You are very kind, Clara, to mend it for me.

Clara. There, it is all right now. (*Smooths dress.*)

Lilla. Thank you! I must hurry! (*Goes out.*)

Clara. I am afraid she will be late. (*Clock strikes three.*) Yes, it is three now!

Enter LILLA very slowly.

Lilla. It is too late.

Clara. I am very sorry.

Lilla. So am I. It is of no use to start now, as the note said they would start at three.

Clara. They may ask you again.

Lilla. But this is the last day of the fair. And you know, Clara, I have my dollar uncle gave me to spend.

Clara. So you have! It is too bad this is the last day. But Lilla, it will teach you to remember the old proverb the next time.

Lilla. What old proverb?

Clara. Don't you know?

Lilla. No!

Clara. A stitch in time—

Lilla. Saves nine! I will not forget that again,
Clara.—*Holmes' Dialogues for Little Folks.*

THE STOLEN PETS.

SUSAN.

MOLLIE.

Susan is seated. Enter Mollie, looking very sad.

Susan. Why, what a long face, Mollie dear! What is the matter?

Mollie. Oh, Cousin Sue, Josie and Nellie and I are so sorry!

Susan. All sorry! Why what have you done?

Mollie. Shall I tell you all about it?

Susan. Yes, come stand here by me, and tell me why my little cousins are sorry.

Mollie. You know we went to walk yesterday?

Susan. Yes.

Mollie. Well, down in a little bush, near to the ground, we found a bird's nest, with three little birds in it.

Susan. I hope you did not touch that!

Mollie. Yes, we did! We brought it home.

Susan. Oh, Mollie! Mollie! That was very cruel!

Mollie. But we wanted the little birds to pet, and we meant to be kind!

Susan. Well, you brought them home?

Mollie. Yes, for real pets. One for Josie, one for

Nellie, and one for me. We put the nest in the nursery and put soft, white cotton on the birds.

Susan. Did they like that?

Mollie. They cried all the time! They had such big mouths, Susan, that they could make a great squeak.

Susan. Well, what did you do next?

Mollie. Josie said they were cold, because they hadn't any feathers. So we put cotton in the nest, but they cried just the same.

Susan. Poor little birds!

Mollie. Then Nellie said they were hungry.

Susan. Did you feed them?

Mollie. Yes; we each fed our own.

Susan. What did you give them to eat?

Mollie. Nellie gave hers some pieces of cream candy soaked in water till they were soft.

Susan. And Josie?

Mollie. Josie gave his apple pie!

Susan. And you?

Mollie. I gave mine bread and gravy.

Susan. Well, I never heard of such bird food in all my life!

Mollie. Then we left them, and went out again, and away up in the air just over the bush where we found the nest was a big bird.

Susan. The poor little birds' mother?

Mollie. She was crying worse than they were.

Susan. She wanted her babies.

Mollie. Nellie said so, and we came home to get the nest, but it was tea time, and we had to go to bed, and could not go to the bush again.

Susan. So the little birds were in the nursery all night.

Mollie. Yes, cousin Susan. And when we woke up, we said we would carry the nest right back to the poor mother bird.

Susan. Did you?

Mollie. Oh cousin, that is why we are all so sorry.

Susan. Why?

Mollie. Because when we went to get the nest all the little birds were dead.

Susan. Poor little birds!

Mollie. I am sure we tried to be kind. They were all warm and all fed.

Susan. But they wanted their mother, dear. Suppose you were stolen away from your dear mamma, and had no one to kiss and love you. Should you like that?

Mollie. No, indeed!

Susan. And when you cried would you like to be fed on raw meat or sawdust?

Mollie. I am sure I should not.

Susan. The little birds did not like pie or candy any better than you would sawdust, Mollie.

Mollie. We put the nest back, but we buried the little birds in the garden.

Susan. Did you see the old bird again.

Mollie. Yes, she is flying about the bush, crying all the time.

Susan. And are you not sorry you killed all her pretty babies?

Mollie. I am so sorry, Susan, that I cried ever so long, and so did Josie and Nellie.

Susan. I am sure you will not do so cruel an act again.

Mollie. I am sure we will not. I know I will never, never touch a bird's nest again. I was never so sorry in my life, because we can't ever make the poor little birds alive again, if we cry or try ever so hard.

Susan. Some day cousin Susan will give you a bird that has always lived in a cage, and does not mind it, and you can learn how to feed and care for it.

Mollie. And will it live, and be our own, Josie's Nellie's and mine?

Susan. I hope so.

Mollie. And will it not be cruel to keep it?

Susan. No, for the little cage birds would not live if they were set free. They are used to being fed and cannot find food as the wild birds can do. Their mother feeds them in the cage when they are very young, and they are not taken from her until they are old enough to find food in the cups of the cage.

Mollie. I should like such a bird as that.

Susan. Yes, I think you would, and I think you would not forget to clean and feed it every day.

Mollie. No, for I should love it too well to let it be hungry.

Susan. Well, when I next go out, you shall go too and pick out a bird in the store.

Mollie. Oh, thank you. I shall not want to steal nest birds when I have one of my own.

[*Holmes' Dialogues for Little Folks.*



TABLEAUX.

TABLEAU I.

“ Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, ‘ what a good boy am I?’ ”

The stage is arranged as a family sitting-room. In the centre is a table. One little girl, with spectacles and cap is the nurse, sitting at the table sewing. The baby lies asleep in a cradle. In the right hand corner of foreground, facing audience, his feet stretched far apart, Jack Horner is seated on the floor, with the pie between his knees. He wears short socks and short trousers, a blouse and large collar. One hand holds up the crust of the pie, while the other holds over his head a large raisin. A very small boy, with a very large pie, has the best effect.

TABLEAU II.

“ There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children
She didn’t know what to do;

She gave them some broth
Without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly
And sent them to bed.

Some little ingenuity is here required to make the shoe, but let the manager keep up a brave heart and make the boys useful. First have a frame work made of wood in the shape of a shoe, standing up on end, the opening and instep toward audience. Cover this with black cambric, and make an immense white paper buckle. Between the sole and the upper, thrust the heads of all the "crying babes" in the house, as it is too elevated a position for the "live stock." The old woman, a girl about fourteen, must wear a white cap, a pair of spectacles, a petticoat of red stuff, with the skirt of her chintz dress looped up over it, a white shawl pinned over her shoulders, and heeled shoes. In her hand she has a large bunch of rods. She stands in center of stage, in front of shoe, holding her bunch of rods over the head of a little boy "just caught" in his night-gown, and night-cap, and barefoot, and rubbing his eyes with his clenched fists, his face "made up" for a yell. All the children wear their night-gowns and wraps. One, right of foreground, is seated on the floor with a big bowl of soup between his knees, raising a spoon to his lips. One behind him is leaning over with open mouth, as if waiting for his turn. Two are stealing into the shoe to escape the whipping. In short have on the stage all the children you can muster, in various attitudes—some running away, some crying, some eating broth, and some hiding and peeping out behind the mammoth shoe.

TABLEAUX III, IV, V.

“When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to get myself a wife.”

The stage represents a kitchen, with a shelf across the background. In the centre of stage is a table upon which is a hat and scarf. Upon the shelf are loaves of bread and cheese, all overrun with rats and mice (made of lead-colored canton flannel, with black bead eyes, long horse-hair whiskers, and string tails, if the little folks have not toy rats and mice.) In the centre of foreground stands the bachelor, who, with a very rueful face is putting on his overcoat before starting for London.

“The roads were so bad, the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow.”

Scene same as before. The bachelor, with hat and scarf on, is just wheeling the barrow into the room (centre of foreground.) In the wheelbarrow is seated a little girl with a fashionable bonnet, cloak and dress, holding an open parasol over her head.

“The wheelbarrow broke and my wife had a fall,
Down came the wheelbarrow, wife and all.”

By taking out the sides of the barrow, removing the wheel and tipping it over, the curtain rises again upon a melancholy wreck. The wife lies on the floor crying, the parasol fallen from her, and the late bachelor stands

with raised hands and a face of dismay looking at the mischief.

TABLEAU VI.—CINDERELLA.

In the first scene Cinderella is crouching in the left corner; her head is bowed, and her face is hid in her hands, as if crying at her disappointment in having to stay at home from the ball. The fairy godmother is bending over the prostrate girl as if about to arouse her from her sad reverie, and is pointing up with her stick which she holds in her right hand. Cinderella wears a loose, brown robe, under which is concealed a white muslin dress, richly trimmed with stars and fringe of gold paper.

Scene Second: The same characters as in the first; same positions, excepting that the godmother and Cinderella have changed sides. The loose robe has been pulled off, and Cinderella stands proudly in the center, in a dancing attitude, contemplating with delight her beautiful ball dress. The godmother is lifting up a large, yellow pumpkin, as if showing Cinderella that her carriage will soon be ready; and a box lies at her feet, to represent the trap in which the horses are stabled, ready for the trip. Cinderella should be a blonde young lady, with small hands and feet, and a graceful, slight figure.

Scene Third: The Prince and Cinderella stand as if about to lead the dance in the attitude of the old-fashioned minuet; his right hand holds hers high as she holds her dress with the left. Their left feet are extended, and their heads turned toward each other. The

dress of the Prince can be made of light blue sateen, trimmed with puffs of pink on the shoulders and at the sides; he has loose trunks of pink with light blue puffs, and pink stockings. Two ladies in court dresses may be introduced, one at each side, to represent other dancers.

Scene Fourth: Cinderella in terror is flying from the ball, her old ragged dress on, and a dingy handkerchief tied loosely over her head.

Scene Fifth: Cinderella is meekly asking the Prince to let her try on the glass slipper, which he holds, standing in the center. At the left her angry sisters turn away in disgust, because they could not succeed in wearing the slipper. The sisters are dressed very showily, but Cinderella still wears her old brown costume, as she stands at the right of the Prince, with downcast eyes and extended hand.

Scene Sixth: Cinderella sits in the center. The enraptured Prince kneels before her with the foot wearing the glass slipper resting on a foot-stool; the companion glass slipper she has just drawn from her pocket. The godmother stands over them, having changed the old brown robe into a ball-dress by her mystic power, and she seems to be waving her stick in triumph.

[*The fairy god-mother is dressed in red, (paper muslin or some cheap material,) with long pointed waist over a black skirt. Her high pointed hat, and her shoes and stockings are red, and she wears a white ruff around her neck, and another inside her hat, which has a wide, black band and a gilt buckle. She holds in her right hand a cane with a bar across the top. The costumes of the court ladies must consist of silk, (or something to imitate it,) of*

as brilliant a color as they can find, with long trains and square necks, which are easily contrived, by sewing a square of white muslin upon the dress waists of their mother's dresses, the skirts of which will do for court trains.

Their hair is rolled over a cushion, powdered and dressed with feathers or flowers, which can be borrowed from bonnets.

TABLEAU VII.—MISCHIEF IN SCHOOL.

For this tableau the stage should be furnished with desks, benches, etc., to resemble a school as nearly as possible. A black board is hung at the back of the stage, in centre, and a boy stands on a stool before it, sketching a ridiculous caricature of the master. Three or four others stand around him, in school-boy position, watching the progress of the drawing. A desk is placed at right of stage, at which a boy sits, pretending to study, but with his eyes fixed on the door left, where the master is seen entering with a long rod in his hand, and a grim smile on his face. Two boys are in the act of scuffling at the left of stage, concealed from the master by the door. Another stands on a table near the desk, right, with the dunce's cap on his head. Three others are playing marbles near the group, centre.

Some of the boys may be eating apples, cakes, etc., and a variety of books, maps, inkstands, rulers, and other school-furniture should be scattered about here and there. As the interest of the scene depends entirely upon the surprise, but little attention need be paid to the effects of light and shade, etc., the main object

being to have all the groups in plain sight and naturally arranged.

TABLEAU VIII.—THE FOUR SEASONS.

The four seasons of the year, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, represented by female figures, make a very beautiful tableau, if artistically arranged. The stage should have three platforms placed upon it, each a little higher than the one in front of it, something like the steps of a staircase, receding from the audience. Spring, represented by a little girl dressed in pure white, with a basket of flowers which she is apparently strewing before her, stands upon the stage, in front, nearest the audience. A single thickness of gauze is run across front of the first platform, upon which stands Summer, a young girl just growing into womanhood, crowned with a wreath of summer flowers, and holding an apron full of summer fruits, mingled with flowers. Her dress is also to be white, but trimmed with chaplets of green leaves. Another thickness of gauze is stretched behind her, in front of the platform which supports Autumn—a smiling matron, in a dress of richer material, with a garland of autumnal leaves about her head. In her arms she holds a sheaf of grain, and a sickle in one hand, while a piece of vine, laden with grapes, is carelessly thrown over her shoulder. Winter stands on the furthest platform, with a third screen of gauze in front of her. She is an old crone with a sallow and wrinkled face, and her bent form is heavily draped in a long robe of dull brown or grey woolen. Upon one shoulder she bears a fagot of dry sticks, and in her hand an axe. If

an additional wintry effect is desired, pieces of small glass tubing, (which can be procured at almost any chemist's shop), may be attached to the edge of her robe, in imitation of icicles, and flour may be scattered upon her head and shoulders, to represent snow. The gauze screens will shade the figures sufficiently, without any different degrees of light being thrown upon them.

TABLEAU IX.—THE WITCHES IN MACBETH.

TABLEAU IN THREE DIVISIONS OR PERIODS.

PART I.—The curtain draws up and reveals three witches, each pointing with the forefinger and bared and skinny arms to the cauldron, round which fire is burning and flames springing up. The witches should be dressed in long black dresses, very high peaked hats, and long staffs in their hands. These parts are better performed by men, as they require marked and prominent features, or else long false noses must be worn.

PART II.—Hecate and three other witches appear in the background, all pointing with the forefinger to the three first witches. Hecate and the three newly-arrived witches being dressed in long red-brown dresses.

PART III.—The witches and Hecate all take hands, and group in fantastic and wild attitudes round the cauldron as if in the act of dancing. Between each of these parts the curtain falls and rises, so as to reveal the groups of witches in three various attitudes. Thunder should be imitated, as well as the shrieks of the night-owl, the mewing of cats, etc., outside the scenes. The

overture from the opera of *Der Freischütz* is appropriate music for this tableau. Very little light, except what is produced by the flames round the cauldron is needed. To make the fire, dissolve crystals of nitrate of copper in spirits of wine. Light the solution and it will burn with a beautiful emerald flame. To imitate thunder, hold a large sheet of Russian iron at one end and commence shaking it very slowly. It will give out a low, rumbling sound which can gradually be increased in power. Graduate the sounds from heavy peals to the first starting-point; then discontinue the shaking for a few seconds, and repeat the variety of changes as long as it is necessary.

SHADOW ACTS AND PANTOMIMES.

BOX AND COX.

A SHADOW ACT ADAPTED FROM THE POPULAR FARCE OF
THE SAME NAME.

CHARACTERS:

Box—*A Journeyman Printer.*

Cox—*A Journeyman Hatter.*

MRS. BOUNCER—*Their Landlady.*

COSTUMES: Box—Short coat; pantaloons turned up at bottom; high hat without brim; nose made up as a pug. Cox—Jacket; tight pantaloons, very short; large shoes; tall hat; wig with very short hair, standing upright; nose, a handsome Roman. Mrs. Bouncer—Scanty gown; high cap, with very large frill standing up in front; loose sleeves. (In stepping over light, the skirts should be lifted up a little to avoid the risk of catching fire.)

PROPERTIES: A small table each side of stage out of shadow, for convenience in putting things out of hand;

each should be placed so as to leave room to allow of exit and entrance between it and the curtain; on the table, right, a tray, with cup and saucer, tea-pot, etc., on it; three hats for Cox, all too large for him; small narrow table for centre of stage; two round pieces of card, about three inches in diameter, each having a head and stars cut out of it, in imitation of a copper cent. Two pairs of dice, made of card, about two inches square, with the six spot punched out of all of them, and fastened on edge of stage table nearest the light, one pair near each end, hinged in such manner as will allow of their hanging down out of shadow, and also being turned up in shadow by means of finger; or they may be loose, so as to be held up between the thumb and finger close to the curtain, but for this purpose, two inches square will be large enough; two sets of four cards each, representing the four aces of two packs of cards, these may be cut out of any old playing cards; two rapiers made of wood; a wire gridiron, made double, to hinge together; a profile fish, about eight inches long; three sausages strung together, may be made of rags; a small bolster, nearly empty; large imitation match-box; profile dice-box, apparently large enough to hold the dice; clay pipe for Box; candle-stick with short candle on table, right; a steel fork; two chairs.

Enter Cox left, without hat.

Cox. I've half a mind to register an oath that I'll never have my hair Cut again! I look as if I had just come from the penitentiary. And I was particularly emphatic in my instructions to the hair-dresser, only to cut the ends off. He must have thought I meant the

other ends! Never mind—I shant meet anybody to care about so early. Eight o'clock, I declare! I haven't a moment to lose. Fate has placed me with the most punctual, particular and peremptory of hatters, and I must fulfill my destiny. (*Knock behind.*) Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Mrs. BOUNCER over light.

Mrs. B. Good-morning, Mr. Cox. I hope you slept comfortably, Mr. Cox?

C. I can't say I did, Mrs. B. I should feel obliged to you if you could accommodate me with a more protuberant bolster, Mrs. B. The one I've got now seems to me to have about a handful and a half of feathers at each end, and nothing whatever in the middle.

Mrs. B. Anything to accommodate you, Mr. Cox. Why, I do declare, you've had your hair cut.

C. Cut? It strikes me I've had it mowed! It's very kind of you to mention it, but I am sufficiently conscious of the absurdity of my personal appearance already. (*Puts on his coat.*) Now for my hat.—(*Puts on his hat, which comes over his eyes.*) That's the effect of having one's hair cut. This hat fitted me quite tight before. Luckily I've got two or three more. (*Goes off left and returns with three hats of different shapes and puts them on, one after the other—all of which are too big for him.*) This is pleasant! Never mind. This one appears to me to wobble about rather less than the others—(*puts on hat*)—and now I'm off! By-the-bye, Mrs. Bouncer, who is that individual that I invariably meet coming up-stairs when I'm going down, and going down-stairs when I'm coming up? From the appear

ance of his outward man I should unhesitatingly set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

Mrs. B. Yes, sir; and a very respectable young gentleman he is.

C. Well, good-morning, Mrs. Bouncer!

Mrs. B. You'll be back at your usual time, I suppose, sir?

C. Yes, nine o'clock. You needn't light my fire in future, Mrs. B., I'll do it myself. Don't forget the bolster! (*Going. Stops.*) A cent's worth of milk, Mrs. Bouncer—and be good enough to let it stand, I wish the cream to accumulate. [Exit over light.]

Mrs. B. He's gone at last! I declare I was all in a tremble for fear Mr. Box would come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily, they've never met yet—and what's more, they're not very likely to do so; for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr. Cox is busy all day long, and doesn't come home till night, so that I'm getting double rent for my room and neither of my lodgers are any the wiser for it. It was a capital idea of mine—that it was! But I haven't an instant to lose. First of all, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's way. Then make the bed—and don't let me forget that what's the head of the bed for Mr. Cox becomes the foot of the bed for Mr. Box—people's taste's differ so. (*Goes off left, then appears with a very thin bolster in her hand.*) The idea of Mr. Cox presuming to complain of such a bolster as this! (*She disappears again, left.*)

Box. (*Without.*) Pooh, pooh! Why don't you

keep your own side of the staircase, sir? (*Enters over light.*)

Mrs. B. (*Entering left.*) Lor, Mr. Box! what is the matter?

B. Mind your own business, Bouncer!

Mrs. B. Dear, dear, Mr. Box! what a temper you are in, to be sure! I declare, you're quite pale in the face!

B. What color would you have a man who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?

Mrs. B. But then you've all the day to yourself.

B. So it seems! Far be it from me, Bouncer, to hurry your movements, but I think it right to acquaint you with my immediate intention of divesting myself of my garments and going to bed.

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box! (*Going.*)

B. Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down?

Mrs. B. Oh, yes, the gentleman in the attic, sir.

B. Oh! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats, hats with broad brims and hats with narrow brims, hats with naps and hats without naps, in short I have come to the conclusion that he must be individually and professionally associated with the hatting interest.

Mrs. B. Yes sir. And, by-the-bye, Mr. Box, he begged me to request of you, as a particular favor, that you would not smoke quite so much.

B. Did he? Then you may tell the gentle hatter,

with my compliments, that if he objects to the effluvia of tobacco, he had better domesticate himself in some adjoining county.

Mrs. B. Oh, Mr. Box! You surely wouldn't deprive me of a lodger?

B. It would come to precisely the same thing, Bouncer, because if I detect the slightest attempt to put my pipe out, I at once give you warning that I shall give you warning at once.

Mrs. B. Well, Mr. Box, do you want anything more of me?

B. On the contrary—I've had quite enough of you!

Mrs. B. Well, if ever! What next, I wonder?

[*Exit over light.*]

B. It's quite extraordinary, the trouble I always have to get rid of that venerable female! She knows I'm up all night, and yet she seems to set her face against my indulging in a horizontal position by day. Now, let me see, shall I take my nap before I swallow my breakfast, or shall I take my breakfast before I swallow my nap—I mean, shall I swallow my nap before—no, never mind! I've got some sausages somewhere. (*Feeling in his pockets.*) I've the most distinct and vivid recollection of having purchased some sausages. Oh, here they are. (*Produces them wrapped in paper, and places on table.*) And a penny roll. (*Puts roll on table, centre of stage.*) The next thing is to light the fire. Now, 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer, this is, by several degrees too bad! I had a whole box full of matches three days ago, and now there's only one! I'm perfectly aware that she purloins my coals and my candles and my sugar, but I did think, oh yes, I did think that

my lucifers would be sacred! (*Takes candlestick from table off right side, in which there is a very small end of candle—looks at it.*) Now, I should like to ask any unprejudiced person or persons their opinion touching this candle. In the first place a candle is an article that I don't require, because I'm only at home in the day time, and I bought this candle on the first of May, calculating that it would last me three months, and here's one week not half over, and the candle three parts gone! (*Reaches gridiron from same table.*) Mrs. Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odor of red herrings! (*Opens gridiron, and then lays sausages on the gridiron and then puts it down on stove.* I'd indulge myself with a nap, if there was anybody here to superintend the cooking of my sausages. (*Yawning.*) I must lie down, so here goes. (*Goes off right side.*)

Cox. (*Enters hurriedly over light.*) Well, wonders will never cease! Conscious of being eleven minutes and a half behind time, I was sneaking into the shop in a state of considerable excitement, when my venerable employer, with a smile of extreme benevolence on his countenance, said to me, "Cox, I shan't want you to-day—you can have a holiday." It's so long since I had a day to myself that I can't make up my mind what to do—where to go. However, I must have my breakfast first—that'll give me time to reflect. I've bought a herring, so I shant want any dinner. (*Puts herring on table.*) Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Halloa! what's this? A roll, I declare! Come, that's lucky! Now then to light the fire. Halloa—(*seeing the match-*

box on tab'e,) who presumes to touch my box of matches? Why, it's empty! I left one in it, I'll take my oath I did. Hey-day! why the fire is lighted! Where's the gridiron? On the fire, I declare! And what's that on it? Sausages? Sausages it is! Well, now, 'pon my life, there's a quiet coolness about Mrs. Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. She takes my last lucifer—my coals and my gridiron, to cook her breakfast by! No, no, I can't stand this! Come out of that! (*Pokes fork into sausages and puts them on a plate on the table, then places his herring on the gridiron, which he puts on stove.*) Now, then, for my breakfast things. (*Goes out left.*)

B. (*Enters, right.*) I wonder how long I've been asleep! (*suddenly recollecting.*) Goodness gracious! my sausages! (*Runs to the fire-place.*) Halloa! what's this? A herring? Whose herring? Mrs. Bouncer's, I'll be bound. She thought to cook her breakfast while I was asleep, with my coals, too, and my gridiron! Ha! ha! But where's my sausages? (*Seeing them on the table.*) Here they are. Well, 'pon my life, Bouncer's going it! And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! (*Digs the fork into the herring and throws over light.*) So much for Bouncer's breakfast, and now for my own! (*With the fork he puts the sausages on the gridiron again.*) I may as well lay my breakfast things. [*Exit right.*]

C. (*Enters left, with a small tray on which are tea things, etc., which he places on table, and suddenly recollects.*) Oh, goodness! my herring! (*Runs to fire-place.*) Halloa—what's this? The sausages again! Oh, pooh! Zounds, confound it, dash it, I can't stand this! (*Pokes*

fork into sausages and throws over light, and meets Box, entering left with his tea things.) Who are you sir?

B. If you come to that, who are *you*?

C. What do you want here, sir?

B. If you come to that—what do *you* want?

C. (Aside.) It's the printer! (*Puts tea things on table.*)

B. (Aside) It's the hatter! (*Puts tea things on table.*)

C. Go to your attic sir—

B. *My* attic sir? *Your* attic sir!

C. Printer, I shall do you a frightful injury, if you don't instantly leave my apartment.

B. *Your* apartment? You mean *my* apartment, you contemptible hatter, you!

C. *Your* apartment? Ha! ha! come, I like that! Look here, sir! (*Produces a paper out of his pocket.*) Mrs. Bouncer's receipt for the last week's rent, sir—

B. (Produces a paper and holds it close to Cox's face.) Ditto, sir!

C. (Suddenly shouting.) Thieves.

B. Murder!

Both. Mrs. Bouncer!

Mrs. B. (Enters over light.) What is the matter? (*Cox and Box seize Mrs. BOUNCER by the arm.*)

B. Instantly remove that hatter!

C. Immediately turn out that printer!

Mrs. B. Well, but, gentlemen—

C. Explain! (*Pulling her round to him.*)

B. Explain! (*Pulling her round to him.*) Whose room is this?

C. Yes, woman, whose room is this?

B. Doesn't it belong to me?

Mrs. B. No!

C. There! You hear, sir—it belongs to me!

Mrs. B. No. It belongs to both of you. (*Sobbing.*)

C. and B. Both of us?

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, gentlemen, don't be angry—but you see, this gentleman (*pointing to Box,*) only being at home in the day time, and that gentleman, (*pointing to Cox,*) at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready—

B. and C. (Eagerly.) When will your little back, second floor room be ready?

Mrs. B. Why, to-morrow—

C. I'll take it!

B. So will I!

Mrs. B. Excuse me—but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.

C. and B. True.

B. With all my heart, sir. The little back second floor room is yours, sir—now go.

C. Go? Pooh, pooh!

Mrs. B. Now don't quarrel, gentlemen. You see there used to be a partition here—

C. and B. Then put it up!

Mrs. B. Nay, I'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. Now do keep your tempers.

[*Exit over light.*]

C. What a disgusting position!

B. (Sitting down on chair, at one side of table.) Will you allow me to observe, if you have not had any exercise to-day, you'd better go out and take it.

C. I shall not do anything of the sort, sir. (*Seating himself at the table opposite Box.*)

B. Very well, sir!

C. Very well, sir! However, don't let me prevent you from going out.

B. Don't flatter yourself, sir. (*Cox is about to break a piece of the roll off.*) Halloo! that's my roll, sir! (*Snatches it away—puts a pipe in his mouth, lights it, and puffs smoke across to Cox.*)

C. What are you about, sir?

B. What am I about? I'm about to smoke.

C. Wheugh! (*Crosses right.*) I'll have to open the window.

B. Holloo! (*Turns round*) Put down that window, sir!

C. Then put your pipe out, sir!

B. There! (*Puts pipe on table.*)

C. There! It's shut. (*Re-seats himself.*)

B. I shall retire to my pillow. (*Takes off his jacket, then goes toward right.*)

C. (*Jumps up, seizes Box.*) I beg your pardon, sir! I cannot allow any one to rumple my bed.

B. Your Bed? Hark ye, sir—can you fight?

C. No, sir.

B. No? Then come on. (*Sparring at Cox.*)

C. Sit down sir, or I'll instantly vociferate "Police!"

B. (*Seats himself—Cox does the same.*) I say, sir—

C. Well, sir?

B. Although we are doomed to occupy the same room for a few hours longer, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's throats, sir.

C. Not at all. It's an operation that I should decidedly object to.

B. And, after all, I've no violent animosity to you, sir.

C. Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, sir.

B. Besides, it was all Mrs. Bouncer's fault, sir.

C. Entirely sir.

B. Very well, sir.

C. Very well, sir. (*Pause.*)

B. As we both seem to claim this room, suppose we decide by chance who shall yield possession to the other. Ha! I've got a pack of cards. Suppose we cut to decide. Highest wins.

C. I'm with you. Why, I do believe I have a pack of cards, too. (*Both produce their cards and place them on table.*)

B. (*Cutting and holding up an ace.*) Ace! Thought you'd lose.

C. (*Also cutting with same result.*) Who says lose? Ace!

They both repeat operation three times, excitedly, always turning an ace, (care should be taken that an ace of different suit be held up each time.)

B. (*Throwing his cards over light in disgust.*) That won't do. Let's try something else. What do you say to dice?

C. With all my heart. Dice, by all means. (*Eagerly.*)

B. (*Aside.*) That's lucky! Mrs. Bouncer's nephew left a pair here yesterday. He sometimes persuades me to have a throw for a trifle, and as he always throws

sixes, I suspect they are good ones. (*Goes off right and brings the dice-box.*)

C. (*Aside.*) I've no objection at all to dice. I lost nine dollars and ninety cents, at Coney Island, to a very gentlemanly looking man, who had a most peculiar knack of throwing sixes; I suspected they were loaded, so I gave him another ten cents, and he gave me the dice. (*Takes dice out of his pocket—uses match box as a substitute for dice-box which is on the table.*)

B. Now then, sir.

C. I'm ready, sir. (*They seat themselves at opposite sides of the table.*) Will you lead off, sir?

B. As you please, sir. The lowest throw of course wins.

C. Of course, sir.

B. Very well, sir!

C. Very well, sir!

B. (*Rattling dice and throwing.*) Sixes!

C. That's not a bad throw of yours, sir. (*Rattling dice—throws.*) Sixes!

B. That's a pretty good one of yours, sir. (*Throws.*) Sixes!

C. (*Throws.*) Sixes!

B. Sixes.

C. Sixes.

B. Sixes.

C. Sixes.

B. Those are not bad dice of yours.

C. Yours seem pretty good ones, sir.

B. Suppose we change?

C. Very well sir. (*They change dice.*)

B. (*Throwing.*) Sixes.

C. Sixes.

B. Sixes.

C. Sixes.

B. (*Flings down the dice.*) Pooh! It's perfectly absurd, your going on throwing sixes in this sort of way, sir.

C. I shall go on till my luck changes, sir!

B. Let's try something else. I have it! Suppose we toss?

C. The very thing I was going to propose.

They each turn aside and take out a handful of money.

B. (*Aside, examining money.*) Where's my tossing cent? Here it is. (*Selecting coin.*)

C. [*Aside, examining money.*] Where's my lucky penny? I've got it!

B. Now then, sir--heads win?

C. Or tails lose--whichever you prefer.

B. It's the same to me, sir.

C. Very well, sir. Heads, I win--tails, you lose.

B. Yes--[*suddenly*] no. Heads, win, sir.

C. Very well--go on.

They are standing opposite to each other.

B. [*Tossing.*] Heads.

C. [*Tossing.*] Heads.

B. [*Tossing.*] Heads.

C. [*Tossing.*] Heads.

B. Ain't you getting rather tired of turning up heads, sir?

C. Couldn't you vary the monotony of our proceedings by an occasional tail, sir?

B. [*Tossing.*] Heads.

C. [*Tossing.*] Heads.

B. Heads? Stop sir. Will you permit me? [Taking Cox's penny.] Holloa! your penny has got no tail, sir!

C. [Seizing Box's cent.] And your cent has got two heads, sir!

B. Cheat!

C. Swindler!

They are about to rush upon each other, then retreat to some distance, and commence sparring and striking fiercely at one another. Then each goes off on his own side, returning with a rapier, with which they go through considerable but fruitless fighting. At last, both exhausted, drop the points of their swords to ground, and after a pause—

C. I don't think I want to hurt you, Box.

B. Feeling's mutual, Cox; let's think it over.

C. No, let's shake hands.

B. Just my idea, exactly.

Both throw swords over light and shake hands cordially.

Mrs. B. [Putting her head in left side.] The little second floor back room is quite ready!

C. I don't want it.

B. No more do I.

C. What shall part us?

B. What shall tear us asunder?

C. Box!

B. Cox! [About to embrace—Box stops, seizes Cox's hand and looks eagerly in his face.] You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you're my long lost brother.

C. The very observation I was going to make to

you!

B. Ah, tell me, in mercy tell me, have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm?

C. No.

B. Then it is he!

They rush into each other's arms.

C. of course we stop where we are.

B. Of course.

C. For, between you and me, I'm rather partial to this house.

B. So am I, I begin to feel quite at home in it.

C. Everything so clean and comfortable—

B. And I'm sure the mistress of it, from what I have seen of her, is very anxious to please.

C. So she is, and I vote, Box, that we stick by her.

B. Agreed. There's my hand upon it—join but yours—agree that the house is big enough to hold us both, then Box—

C. And Cox—

Both.. Are satisfied.



COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

PANTOMIME.

SCENE.—A family sitting-room. Father reading, mother knitting, daughter glancing at clock, plucks her mother's sleeve and points to clock. Old lady plucks her husband's sleeve and points to clock, proceeds to roll up her knitting and put it in her pocket, while the daughter hastens to bring wraps, which she hastens energetically to assist in putting on. The old gentleman continuing to read, the ladies both nudge him to call attention to the hour by pointing to the clock. He looks up, nods his head and, resumes his reading, but finally he bestirs himself, and the young lady having finished putting on the mother's overshoes, flies to his assistance, tugs vigorously at his overcoat, puts on his comforter, snatches up hat, which, dusting rapidly, she puts completely over his ears in her eagerness to get them ready and started. She takes them to the door, hands lighted lantern, and they disappear. Hastily putting the room in order, she puts on a few additional touches at the mirror, glancing nervously toward the door. A knock is heard. A gentleman enters; she receives him cordially, showing extreme pleasure. They appear to be engaged in agreeable conversation. He calls her

attention to a passage in a paper which he takes from his pocket. Both appear greatly pleased. She shows him some new pictures, drawings, etc., which they both examine with pleasure. A knock at door. They evince great dismay. She hides him behind organ or other large piece of furniture and opens door; admits another gentleman, gives him seat and takes one herself in extreme opposite corner. He gradually "sidles" his chair toward hers, each casting furtive glances at the other, until he reaches her side, when he attempts to make himself entertaining, takes a letter from vest pocket, shows her a portion, shows her a ring, and while they seem engaged in conversation, the head of caller No. 1 may be seen popping up from hiding-place occasionally to see what is going on. Growing nervous, he shakes fist at No. 2. A third knock is heard at door. Starting up in alarm, No. 2 is hastily hidden behind a screen. Father and mother enter; daughter shows great trepidation, as either of them approach the hiding-places. Old lady throws her overshoes behind the organ to get them out of the way, hitting No. 1. Old gentleman notices hats on table, picks them up, becomes excited, pitches his overcoat onto screen, upsets it, No. 2 springs up, and flies to the door. No. 1, alarmed, starts for door, old gentleman frantically following, flourishing cane. Old lady and daughter stand with up-raised hands.

(*Curtain.*)

A CHAPTER OF INSTRUCTIONS.

For the “making up” of any variety of different faces a box of good water colors, a little fine chalk, some camel’s hair pencils, and dry rouge, are wanted. If a comical expression is required, mix a reddish brown tint with the water colors, stand before a mirror, assume the desired “broad grin,” and trace the wrinkles produced, with a fine brush of the brown tint. This will fix the line which your face requires, to give it the expression, much more naturally than you could do it by following any of the rules current among artists. The same may be done with frowns, smirks, simpers, scowls, and all other marked contortions of feature.

Rouge should be applied with the forefinger—a much better implement than the traditional hare’s-foot—and should be softly graded off upon the cheek. Chalk should be very sparingly used. Burnt cork is very effective for black eyes or for representing leanness, by applying a very faint tint underneath the eyes, on the sides of the cheeks, and under the lower lip. A strong mark running from the corner of the mouth, on each side, is a good sign of age or emaciation, but these points are best learned by observing different faces. Moustaches and beards, when slight, should be made with India-ink and a fine pencil.

Colored lights are capable of being used with very happy results, and it is by no means a difficult matter to produce them, either by colored fires, such as are used at the theatres, or by filling globes with colored liquids, and placing them in front of the lamps like those we see in chemists' shops. Red fire, which is beautiful for lighting up the finale of a scene, especially where the scene is heroic, national or martial, may be made from the following receipt (care must be taken to preserve the proportions):

Five ounces nitrate of strontia (dry); one and a-half ounces finely-powdered sulphur; take five drams chlorate of potash, and four drams sulphuret of antimony, and powder them separately in a mortar; then mix them on paper, and having mixed the other ingredients, (previously powdered), add these last and rub the whole together on paper. For use, mix a little spirits of wine with the powder, and burn in a flat iron pan or plate.

A beautiful green fire, forming a fine contrast to the former, may be made by powdering finely and mixing well thirteen parts flour of sulphur, five parts oxymuriate of potassa, two parts metallic arsenic, and three parts pulverized charcoal. Then take seventy-seven parts nitrate of baryta, dry it carefully, powder it, and mix the whole thoroughly. A polished reflector, fitted on one side of the pan in which this is burned, will concentrate the light, and cast a brilliant green lustre on the figures.

A bluish-green fire may be produced by burning muriate of copper, finely powdered and mixed with spirits of wine, and several other colors can be obtained by a little study of chemistry; but the smoke and smell

of these preparations render them less pleasant for the drawing room than the globes filled with colored liquids. Where a window opens from the side of the stage, the fire might be burned outside, or even in a hall, where a door could be opened. Generally, however, the other plan will be found the neatest and simplest. Sulphate of copper dissolved in water (after having been heated and pulverized), will give a beautiful blue liquid. The common red cabbage or litmus, so well known in chemistry, will give three different colors, thus:

Slice the litmus thin, and pour boiling water on it. Decant the infusion when cold, and add a small quantity of alum dissolved in water, which will give a clear rich purple. If potash dissolved in water be used instead of alum, the water will assume a brilliant green tint. A fine crimson may be got by a few drops of muriatic acid, instead of alum or potash.

For ghostly scenes, where a sepulchral unearthly effect is desired, the following may be tried, and if properly managed, will astonish even the performers themselves:

Mix some common salt with spirits of wine, in a metal cup, and set it upon a wire frame, over a spirit-lamp shaded in some way. The result will be that the whole group—faces, dresses, and all—will be of one dingy yellow tint, no matter how bright their costumes or how rosy their cheeks may be.

Another great accessory to the tableau, but one which cannot always be had, is thin gauze or common mosquito netting—in fact any stuff which can be seen through—to interpose between the audience and the scene.

Several curtains of this, made to let down from rollers, one after another, will give a misty, vanishing appearance; and if enough be unrolled, the tableau appears to vanish entirely, allowing room for a change of scene, if desired. This gauze should be carefully managed, as the disclosure of a ragged edge would dispel all the illusion. Many scenes should have one thickness before them at first, to prevent a too startling distinctness; and same may be concealed entirely by the gauze, which is gradually rolled up, until the tableau becomes visible. These varieties of effect, however, depend on the subjects, and the talent of those who arrange them.

—[*The Sociable.*



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